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"Don" in the Effete Monarchies. No. 2.

WIESBADEN, August 22, 1891. Did you ever write a letter and after mailing it wish that something might happen to pre vent it ever getting there? Often, indeed, I have tried to overtake poor work with weary wishes, and I sent up a sort of feeble prayer that the dizzy composition which got itself together in the smoking-room of the Noordland might discover its unworthiness and jump overboard on the way home. I was having such a nice, lasy time, it seemed a shame to spoil it with work. Every now and then my conscience had a twinge, and I went around and asked if I could do anything for the family but never insisted. I ordered myself to work, but somehow could not even insist on that. After leaving everything until the last minute, I wound it up hurriedly and sent it away, satisfying myself that I had written something for the paper, yet inwardly wishing disaster to overtake the poor critter before it could give me away in print. Supposing, however, that it has appeared, I must take up the thread-I believe my ministerial brethren cail it the thread—of my discourse as we pass Dover. It is customary to remark the chalk cliffs at this point and to say something of historical value; please supply this to suit yourself. Farther up, as the Channel widens into the Great North Sea, in which the pleasing song tells us there once lived a whale, the

masts and etceteras of the rigging of a ship projected from the water. Enquiry developed the information that this once stately ship was being rapidly engulfed by the Goodwin Sands. If you have ever read Clark Russell you are aware that no conscientious and well informed mariner ever passes these hungry, and, in fact, insatiable sands, without giving at least one full-sized shudder. Having given a shudder apiece and recalled some of the terrible wrecks which gave rise to the habit, we passed on, glancing at the bathing towns on the beach and looking with great care through every available glass to see if there was anyone in swimming.

Fiushing, that queer, little Dutch town at the mouth of the Scheldt, seemed to have had a fresh coat of red paint the day before and the good ship Noordland kept well away from shore for fear she might rub some of it off. It was Sunday afternoon but there were no particular signs of Sabbatarianism having disturbed the day's pleasures, and, considerably shocked, we took on a fresh pilot and went up stream. As you are perhaps not as fresh from a geography lesson on this part of the world as I am, it may be stated that Antwerp is some forty-seven miles up the crooked stream. Dykes keep the water at high tide from ruthlessly entering the front parlors of the industrious Dutchmen who raise garden sass thereabouts. In some educational work I remember having read about a young Hans or Fritz who discovered a leak in one of these dykes and stuck his thumb into the hole and kept it there till it swelled to a most unnatural and painful size. Unless I am confounding the history of this young

Horner, Fritz is said to have saved Hol- grand salon in which four beds are kept in land by this handy use of his thumb. But our youthful idols are subject to divers and dreadful accidents in this cynical age, and a gentleman who was born in Holland and works on a newspaper in Philadelphia confided to me that he did not believe the story. It is hard, I confess, to see where a thumb could get its work in, to any great extent, in a dyke con siderably wider than a railroad grade.

We passed numerous excursion steamers with brass bands and reckless young people on board who were drinking beer and having a good time just as if it were Saturday morning or even late Monday night. An ocean steamer's funnels were sticking out of the water a few miles up the river, and the captain told me the remainder of the ship was just beneath the surface. She, too, was sinking in the dreadful quicksands equally as hungry and shudderful as those named after Mr. Goodwin. On account of the presence of these sands and the habit of the river's banks of getting in front of the ship, navigation is never undertaken at night by anything bigger than a canal boat. The low landscape is pretty but monotonous. The sunset was gorgeous beyond description, and hereafter when I see those chromos with a Dutch homestead in the center, a windmill at one side and a big Flanders horse and cart in the other corner, I shall not imagine that the painter upset his pot of yellow trying to depict the impossible

The banks of the Scheldt are fortified, the forts being something like big potato pits with lids over them. Antwerp in the good old days when Spaniards, French and every body else fought for possession of the Low Countries, suffered much from the closing up

plug out of the dykes and make it impossible to find the way up. At half-past seven a couple of puffy little tugs turned the Noordland around and pulled and pushed her up to the wharf. Adieux were said, everybody telling everybody else they were absolutely sure they would meet again; when any two do meet they will be as surprised as if they had just dropped out of the clouds. The examination baggage by the customs authorities is merely nominal, but the crowd and crush gave me a bad half hour with my infant class, The ex Alderman and myself finally huddled our belongings, animate and otherwise, into and on to three backs and started for Hotel St Antoine. The memory shall never die of the wild ride we had up the stony streets. Antwerp drivers are in a hurry and thread through the narrow streets with gay reckless ness which adds to the interest of the trip. It was still Sunday, though how a self-respect ing Sunday with any Sabbatarian traditions could stay over night in a place like Antwerp, no one can tell. Shops and saloons were wide open, and we passed fully a hundred dogs drawing bread and bottle wagons as their main aim, and getting in our road and under the horses' feet as their incidental business. The St. Antoine was full, though the pro-prietor said he had one small room he could give us. On counting up how many were left over after the ride and finding thirteen still in

the party, we moved on to Hotel l'Europe.

They, too, had one room left, but it was the

with tallow, melted to please a saint, unsightly floors and tinsel altars, which keep one from soaring above the things which anchor more souls than are uplifted by the noble works of art. People may rave over the interior of Antwerp Cathedral, but it made me tired and I was glad when our voluble and painstaking guide suggested a visit to St. Paul's, Away down in the oldest part of the town this ancient sightly church of the Dominicans is hidden away, and hard by it is Mt. Calvary. 1 had seen some sights elsewhere, but this Mecca of the Belgian peasantry knocked out every-thing else in the line of scriptural imagery.

Entering through a wide, commonplace hall, one turns to the right and standing at a doorway faces the queerest business, outdoing many times over Madam Tussaud's way A steep hill, perhaps a hundred works. and fifty feet long, rises up quite steeply, its steps worn smooth by the knees and feet of peasant women whose dogs and carts wait outside while the devotees pray for luck in field and market and a by-and-by with some rest, sweet, sweet rest in it. Artificial rocks, looking like lava or the slack of an iron fur nace, diversify the uplifted surface of what is little more than a triangular courtyard, and the twelve apostles and other evangelical gentry whose names I did not catch, stand as life-size sentries when you pass up. Before you is the Crucifixion, with its painful details rendered horrible by crude sculpture and a

long ago. The same painful processions showing our Saviour carrying His cross and illustrating the first time He fell down on the road, the second time, the third and so on. spoil again the beauty of the story of the Grandest Sacrifice Earth or Heaven has ever seen. May I be believed to say it reverently, pictures of the Saviour, whether within the yellow timeworn covers of the old family bible, or on the canvas of great painters, jar upon something within me which has even yet escaped the dulling, deadening and hardening result of life's wear and tear. The picture of the Great Master was painted long, long ago at my mother's knee, on a heart which may retain little else that is od save His picture and hers. Time cannot obliterate the gentle touches of the hand that developed our first ideals, nor can we exchange the face our first pious impulses painted for the beauties of the conception of the greatest artist. I should thank no painter, no matter how great his skill and renown, to paint for me the face of an ideal of my mother, that I might become educated beyond the sweet and tender reality of the face I cherish. No more can I, in what is perhaps my ignorant clinging to an old ideal of Christ's face, exchange it for that of the great masters who have painted Him in the cathedrals and on the canvases of Europe as an effeminate man with curly beard and long hair parted in the middle. I want something stronger and more manly in my Christ and I can have it by cherishing my old picture, in spite of preachers and painters. There is one

And there is the marriage room, where the civil part of the wedding must be gone through with, for while Antwerp is intensely Catholic, Belgium is Liberal and recognizes the civil contract. Those who have no money can be married free, and from the pauper ceremony prices run from fifty cents up to hundreds of dollars. Funerals, I am told, are worked on the same plan; one may be buried for nothing or interred so expensively that the corpse may wish he hadn't died, lest there be not estate enough to pay for putting him out of sight, or what in this densely populated country is of more importance, out of smell In spite of all these expenses and the keeping up of kings, nobles and armies, as far as I could learn the citizens of Antwerp, or as it is called in French, Anvers, have far less taxes of every sort to pay than we have who live in Toronto.

We next followed our guide to the Steen, on the banks of the Scheldt, which unfortunately enough also dated from "eleven hunner." It is an old prison, once the Belgian headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition, now a museum. where the chair and bed of Peter Paul Rubens and other notabilities can be seen but not touched—"teching of things" is "verboken," or something to that effect. Museums are tiresome things. It is well enough to preserve old things that those interested may find out what furniture and dishes looked like a thousand years ago, and guns and long jab knives and halberds and armor are queer enough, but

a few minutes suffices for looking at them. Mr. Rubens' bed and. chair are uncomfortable-looking relics, and I hope their former occupant has a more comfortable abiding-place with modern improvements of some sort, or he must be very, very tired by now. The thumb-screws and bone-crackers, the manacles and steel collars, the chairs and things they fastened their victims to the wall with - these are interesting reminders of the good old days when religious belief meant something more than renting a pew in church. The old Inquisitors were as logical as Calvinists, though their doctrine was not quite so cruel. They believed it better to torture the body than to permit the soul to live in heresy and die unshrived. To them it seemed a kindness to crackle the bones of a heretic rather than let him live. and lead other souls to perdition. All that is needed to renew the methods of the Inquisition is a sect or body of men who feel as sure as the old Catholic fathers did that they alone are right, together with nerve and power enough tocarry out the idea that everyone who thinks differently must be tortured until he changes his mind. Fortunately enough for heretics like myself, the times are forever past when a gray-bearded monk or close-shaven priest can force me to believe with him or scream on the rack. He might think he was doing me a kindness and God a service, but that would not make it any pleasanter for me. This country has gone to the other extreme since the "good old days." Toronto will some day revolt from the Blue Laws of those who are trying to force people to be good and are succeeding in making more hypocrites than genuine converts. Rather than stand the tor-

desire to make the spectacle attractive to | picture here especially horrible, depicting the | and denounce their fellows; rather than stand the torture of pulpit denunciation and religiosocial ostracism, modern heretics too are apt to pretend to beliefs which at heart they feel to wrong. Rowdies no doubt pelted stones at the martyrs who were burning at the stake, and shouted loudest in the de nunciation of Christ and in acceptance of Barabbas, and I have no doubt the toughs and fanatics who have been causing trouble in the Queen's Park are of the very same order of men. The stringent laws which shut people up in the city for lack of street cars and amusements elsewhere, are a part of the old order of things and will end in the same way-by a social revolution in favor of license, which may be even more objectionable than repression.

But to return to the Steen. We went downstairs and saw the dungeons. I can hear the drip, drip of the water yet; it seems to run down my spine and I have as much trouble drawing a breath when I think of those infernal holes as I would have in drawing money out of a bank where I had no account. Some of the dungeons were below the river level, and prisoners were made industrious by letting the water in on them and making them dip it up and pour it out or drown. Rings fixed in the arched ceilings some feet apart, were used as stretchers. Ropes fastened to each wrist were passed through these rings, and when lusty sealots pulled the strings the arms were torn out by the roots. Cells into which light never peeped were used to immure prisoners who were given a stream of air once a day; during the balance of the time they gagged and smothered and tore their hair and felt sorry for their sins. Ah, yes, those were the good old days when there was no trifling with wickedness and men and women couldn't go about creating a disturbance with impunity. Antwerp has about three hundred thousand



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case of emergency. "One family could take this; it would give her great pleasure," said the landlady, "to confer the use of the carving pantry upon the other." The c. p. was examined and found insufficient. After much beseeching two rooms reserved for a family to arrive that night from Hull were given us, and the rocking earth sank back once more into its regular gait. What became of the family from Hull the good Lord only knows, but I pity them if they had to bunk in the pantry which smelled of ages and cycles of ages of victuals which had passed away. There was a kermesse in progress and this, together with the arrival of the ocean steamer, gave Antwerp hotels such a jolt that I reckon somebody including the family from Hull had to sit up all night. It is a gay old town on every night of the seven, and I enjoyed the first half of the evening sitting at a boulevard cafe watching the crowd, better than the econd half which I spent trying to stay in a billowy Dutch bed aix inches too short for me.

The cathedral is the first point of interest and thither, as in duty bound, we went and gazed at the endless line of pictures and carvings representing every known apostle, saint, angel and martyr from Joseph to Jerome. Not satisfied with giving the visitor an illustrated chronological tree of the New Testament and Roman Catholic Church, the managers of this saintly panorama have repeated the subjects and mixed things up so that an untrained eye loses itself and forgets just whose martyrdom or beatitudes it is working at. There are acres of interior and none of the space is unfilled. The architecture of the exterior is great but the interior is not imposing, it having been overdone and transformed into a series of picture galleries and displays of carving. The work of the river by rival armies and navies. Even is grand sometimes, always impressive, but now it looks as if it would be easy to pull the often there is the tawdry candle rack covered

sightseers. At one side Peter is having what resembles a fit and a big stone rooster is crowing a loud cock-a doodle-doo. The woman of Samaria is there, and if my memory serves me right very few whose names are at all prominent in the books of the Apostles have been overlooked. Passing under the main mount in a sort of a cave is found what purports to be the sepulchre of our Saviour, sealed with the Roman coat of arms and watched over by a couple of soldiers. Looking through a window at one side, a sculptured body representing our dead Lord can be seen reposing in the tomb. Passing behind the tomb one enters purgatory and is surrounded by the tortured damned in s way likely to make the straightest hair curl up tight, it is so hot. Eyes and tongues hang out amidst yellow flames with forks on them ten feet long. The guide was proceeding to explain to the children that this was where bad prople went to, but the whole thing made them laugh in a shivery sort of way, and he was very brief. I was glad to see it. It is the embodi ment of a horrible idea that I could never entertain, and now I feel sure that nothing but a diseased imagination or the supposed neces sity of terrifying the ignorant could have tor tured such a meaning out of the inspired word. Logically enough the artists of centuries ago have expressed what by intimation nine-tenths of Protestants preach or have preached until lately. It is a mixture of the horrible and the ludicrous sufficiently glaring to stop the mout of the wildest revivalist, and I am sorry that I am the only one of our ministerial association who has seen it, or having seen it has described this realistic picture of how our forefathers supposed hell to have been constructed.

The church itself is very ancient, the great fire leaving it is true but a portion of it, but enough to impress the beholder with the art of

of what He underwent for our sakes The Hotel de Ville, or City Hall (1565) is away ahead of ours. It was built to last, and it is full of artistic work. The guide kept us looking at pictures on the cellings until our necks were nearly dialocated. This one was by Perigrini, or Peagreenie, a pupil of Peter Paul Rubens. This was by P. P. Rubens himself The guide overworked Mr. Rubens. He was doubtless a great painter, but in one short day one may get too much of a good thing. He evidently expected us to fall down and worship Mr. Rubens and everything he did. I had heard of the gentleman before, but nothing to warrant adoration, and I refused, much to the guide's disgust, to break my neck in two. "Zees peecture was paint by Peter Paul Rubens laying on hees back; it show see industries of Antvearp!" Very likely, but I could not lie on my back to look at it, and a glance had to do. Finally, whenever he said "Peter Paul Rubena," or began to dilate on what had been done in "eleven hunner," I went into a trance, and the rest of the company looked elsewhere, hoping to see some thing that Rubs hadn't done. The council chamber, where a burgomaster sits who has been in office for more terms than even our own Edward F., is a very expensive and finely finished room. On each side of the mayor's chairs are those of the six aldermen, while a step below are the deaks of the twenty-five councilmen. There, too, is the Proscription

room, where the youth of the city have to draw

lots to see if they must serve in the army.

Saviour carrying His cross. When He starts

out He is ruddy and plump, at the end He is

emaciated and skrunken until His ribs are

scarce covered by flesh and skin enough to hide

their whiteness. It is horrible, but is it lovely

or conducive to either belief or an appreciation

inhabitants, and is prosperous and progressive. There are churches everywhere, and the spaces are filled in with restaurants as it were. people make it their business to enjoy themselves, and at a concert in one of the parks on Monday night there was a crowd of some two or three thousand well dressed people, who were the human portion of the gayest scene I had ever witnessed. When we got back to the hotel the ex-Alderman asked for his bill. When the royal archduke who runs the dining-room brought it in like John the Baptist's head on a silver platter, the ex-Alderman winked at me and we both thought it very funny. A moment later the scene was changed. The gentleman who had occupied, personally and by proxy, the grand salon and the four bulging beds therein, grew pale and faint. He had risen to meet the advances and gymnastics of the grand duke, with proper Jarvis street dignity, but when he grasped the bill and the idea it conveyed, he staggered, and passing his hand feebly over his brow he requested the imperial courier to excuse his emotion and to permit him for a moment to resume his seat. Then I got my bill, and it was my turn to feel faint. The expenditure of thirty-five cents for four pipes to present to near and dear friends who have done me many favors seemed a fit and proper thing in the earlier part of the day, but now I realized how reckless it was to make investments before seeing one's hotel bill. I had expected to have to pay the presumable expenses of the family from Hull as well as my own when I got their rooms, but I had no idea that I should have to buy the tavern and present it back to the landlady. Like men who are in a bad fix, the ex-Alderman and I made a rapid mental calculation as to how much we could pawn our trunks for, and almost at the same moment pulled out our pocketbooks for silent and sorrowful reference.

Don't you think there is a mistake about this bill?" he asked, passing it over to me. "How many years have you been here?" erquired, still mentally adding up the probable cash value of everything I had with me.

"Seriously though, a hundred and fifty dollars seems high for camping out in the front parlor of a hotel for a day and two nights!" "What is a 'simple '?" I asked irrelevantly.

"I am down four times for a 'simple' at a dollar a crack."

"Can you spare me fifty or a hundred dol lars till I get to Cologne?" he interrupted, intent on his own misery. "I didn't cash a draft to-day—had no one to identify me you know."
"Certainly," said I. "I am about to become proprietor of the house and I'll trouble you for

all you have with you to settle your bill." Just then he turned to the grand duke and asked if he did not think one hundred and fifty dollars a trifle high even for four beds and two or three screens in the parlor for a day and two

"One hunner an' feefty francs und seexty songteems eez ze beel!" explained the grand vizier with a two dollar bow.

I thought the ex-Alderman would have laughed himself to death. Even the presence of dining-room royalty could not restrain our mirth, and after taking up a collection and paying what goodness knows was a big enough bill, we went out and took something else. Then we had time to dissect the things. There was breakfast at so much apiece, followed by separate charges for steaks and eggs for breakfast for each person. Evidently our presence at the table cost us two francs apiece, and what we had to eat was extra. This we found to be correct. Coffee and rolls constitute breakfast : f you take tea or milk instead of coffee that is extra, as is everything else you may order. The francs go in a column like our dollars and the centimes in a line like cents, so the mistake was not an unnatural one, but as we had each paid continental bills before we should have known better. Yet I defy those used to dollars and cents to escape the groan which comes with the first European bill in marks or francs and the fractions thereof. I asked the cashier why I was charged with being "simple." I hate to dispute a bill but this charge was one that my self-respect could not pass over, particularly as I had not b oken any dishes nor overturned my soup.
"Oh, zee seemple!" she smiled, condescend-

ingly, "sat ees ze meelk wiz oud bread for zee

Early next morning we started by train for Cologne. The thirteen of us were distributed throughout nine different compartments of the p'geon-holed coaches, and I had great difficulty in being filed away for future reference with my wife and son. However, it doesn't matter now. We changed cars twice and opened our baggage at the German frontier, and were gerrymandered until I wasn't sure either of my name or destination. It took seven hours to go less than two hundred miles-a part of the time at a mile a minute and the rest at a mile an hour. Taken altogether and as a memory, the ride was not worse than a journey up the Northern Railway to Collingwood but it was a few minutes longer, and the fat man, into whose seat I was forced to interject myself, could not for over seventy miles excuse me for being alive and unburied. Yet I had to ride there or else be separated from my heir who every now and then had to have a pull out of a bottle of milk—"a seemple"—in my value. Some of these old chaps forget that they were

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#### Around Town.

The appointment of Miss Ryckman as modern language mistress in the Parkdale High School at a salary of \$1,500, was too great an innovation for the old style journalist and the old style citizen to peaceably submit to. In the desultory discussion occasioned by that appointment the name of the young lady has been considerately omitted and her particular case only casua'ly mentioned, but it was really what set the old boys on edge. A woman drawing such a salary—outrageous! Of course these critics will admit that a woman might

d on her head for the delectation of the bald-headed row-here ait the critics mentioned -she cannot earn and does not deserve more than half the salary of a man. I protest against the old-fashioned foolishness that would encourage women to educate their feet and neglect their heads. There is not such a superabundance of brains among men that the good of the race requires women to have none, and brain here means cultivated and practical brain. Between the neathen belief that woman has no soul and our highly civilized Christian belief that she is all soul and no substance there is an advantage on our side, though not so great as civilized sense should show. a woman of ability should not receive hire ac cording to her ability I cannot see, and what sex has to do with modern languages I cannot make out. But they tell us that no woman can properly discipline a school. Here crops up the prejudice of men who in the good old days were disciplined by corporal punishment, extraordinary flogged with a handspike and spanked with an inch board. As they fancy they turned out well under such discipline and know that fragile women could not ply the weighty implements by which education was pounded into their red and angry pores, they object to women teachers. They forget that education is no longer applied as a liniment, but administered as a potion. Juvenile ignorance is not nowadays drawn out with mustard plasters and powerful blisters, nor by the letting of blood. Intelligence is not let into a boy through a crack in his skull. Gentler methods now obtain favor, and the rod of cor. rection is seldom found necessary, so that weight and size are not greatly considered when engaging a teacher. But so long as the world lasts there will exist a class of people who will estimate the usefulness of a man by the weight he can register on a pair of hay Women and small young men have a common grievance in this popular prejudice in favor of weight and muscle, for weight and muscle have often "nothing to do with the

For some time there has been a lull in church scandals, but lovers of sensation have little now to complain of. The trouble in the Hamilton Church of the Ascension has revived in aggravated form, and the conduct of all concerned in it illustrates how spiteful, unforgiving and bitter Christian people can be with one another. Neither side will recede from its position, for each has taken Divine counsel and is sure that it is right. Tost one side or the other is laboring under a spiritual delusion is evident, but the one inspired by false revelation not being conscious of it, peace is impossible. A more remarkable scandal is turning the Broadway Tabernacle of our city inside out. Was there ever such a momentous question of identity? Mr. Dingman, a married man, is recognized as a Mr. Douglas, who some time ago paid attention to a female person resident in the house of a family now in church fellowship with Mr. Dingman. Every nember of the family makes affi lavit to his identity, but he repudiates the name of Douglas and avers he never met the Binghams until they entered his spiritual haven on Spadina avenue and pointed the finger of calumny at him. Opinions differ on the case. Four of the trustees have sent in resignations. the pastor and the balance of the board are satisfied it is a case of mistaken identity, while the views of the congregation cannot be tested. While four trustees and some members have withdrawn, the aspersed church pillar continues to take up the collection and perform other duties of his office. If Dingman is innocent it would be unwise for him to withdraw under a cloud of suspicion even though by so doing he could restore harmony to the Tabernacle, for he must consider his name. If he is guilty he may deem it profitable to bluff his accusers from the steps of the altar. He can never quite purify his name in such a way, for when people have an even choice they will believe evil of a church member every time. This is one of the crosses church members Mr. Dingman's only course is to boldly challenge his accusers in the courts and proceed against them for slander. In this way he can show that he is a long-suffering martyr. Until he does resort to law people will marvel that he has to keep an alibi always handy and has frequently been forced to take refuge in "mistaken identity." So long as the case is not legally sifted the people will speculate upon it and draw their own conclu

But the most scandalous thing of all is the forging escapade of that devout young minister A. E. Harrington of the Simpson avenue Methodist Church, as related in the Empire. He was left in charge of the flock while the pastor was enjoying some well-earned holidays, as the saying is, but he crowded more enter-prise and hustle into his brief pastorate than the good man whom he relieved did into his whole term, and with no discredit to the good man whom he relieved, either. If Harrington had been in any other line of business than that of preaching he would never have secured the opportunities of which he made so much use. Had he been in a secular calling he could not, on his simple word, have secured material for building houses, nor could he have obtained Mr. Norton's cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars, which enabled him by a turn of the pen to raise four hundred and fifty dollars. He is now enjoying a holiday, probably across the border. The good peop'e of Simpson avenue Church no doubt feel terribly shocke i after receiving the ministrations of such an outright rascal. The ungodly ones who occasionally drop into a rear pew to gratify a whim, may recall that they heard the student preach and were as much impressed with his sincerity as that of any other minister. From this they will argue against all preachers as men governed by expediency, whose Christianity and honesty spring from considera-tions of policy alone. In cases such as this the church on earth suffers. If one preacher de-grades his calling the whole cloth is aspersed, though if a lawyer should commit murder it would not be held that assassination was a latent passion beneath every gown. Religious these critics will admit that a woman might sing or turn somersaults before the footlights tion to magnify the smallest kind of a sliver classes in violin playing.

and earn fabulous sums, but if she does not into the largest kind of a log. If this were stand on her head for the delectation of the always remembered and provided for, the A. E. Harringtons would not so frequently operate their dishonest schemes from the vantage of the pulpit. The steps leading up into the pulpit seem too few and too easily mounted.

> In the police court the other day the lawyers for Hickerson and Neill, the men arrested for speaking in the park, resurrected some old laws enacted in the times of Charles II. and of Elizabeth. The object in producing these antiquated laws was to show that the prisoners had been wrongfully arrested because a by-law of the Toronto City Council was at variance with an Imperial statute. The contention is that laws passed hundreds of years ago can be brought out of dusty store-rooms to interfere with the management of affairs according to the more enlightened notions of to-day. This may be sound in law-it certainly is true that one law talks until a subsequent enactment silences it, but parliamentary acts covered with the dust of centuries bob sup too often to our discomfiture. What the mischief has Charles II. to do with the Queen's Park or the City Council, and what right has he to start out of his coffin and dictate to you and me? He was scarcely in step with his own time and is certainly no competent law-giver to us. All existing laws should be revised and that accepted revision made the ground work of our laws, further back than which no lawyer should be allowed to penetrate. The statutes passed by a poor fist of a king ages ago in another hemisphere should not frustrate our

The Fair is on and the city again swarming with visitors. For the first few days the gate receipts were not so large as for the corresponding days last year, but it will be remembered that those were phenomenally large until rain interfered. The great crowds always gather during the second week and the whole province will bear down upon us in the next few days. The city has grown so rapidly that though double the number may visit the fair now than did so ten years ago, they cause less revolution than was created then. Accommo dation has increased more rapidly than the number of visitors, and there is such a stir upon the streets at all times that the added bustle during exhibition is less noticeable.

#### Social and Personal.

One of the last dances of the Island season took place on Wednesday evening of this week in the hall of the Aquatic Association at Center Island. Notwithstanding the fact that the summer is now almost a thing of the past and that there also existed a counter-attraction in the shape of a bon-fire, given by Mrs. Thompson at the back of Marine Parade at the east end of the Island, yet quite a number of Islanders turned up and at about nine o'clock some sixty couples were indulging in the light fantastic. Amongst those who were present were noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffat, Mr. H. and Miss E. Muntz, Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. Cornell of Winnipeg, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Miss Vivian, Miss Hope, Miss Palmer, Miss Francis, Miss Rolph, Miss Daisy MacMurray, Messra. MacDonald, H. Reed, Norman MacCrae, Strathy, Marsh and Piddington. Dancing was kept up until a late hour and all enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. These "hons" have been tri-weekly events throughout the season, which is now all but over, and they have been largely patronized by the summer residents on the Island, and their friends. It is acknowledged on all hands that the season of 1891 has been by far the most pleasant ever spent by the dwellers on the Island and the hall, which was only put up this summer, has contributed in no small degree to this pleasing result. It has served as a place of meeting for the Island residents throughout the summer and they have freely taken advantage of it and many social gatherings of various kinds have been the upshot. Although autumn is quickly coming on yet the Islanders are loth to leave a place where they have spent so very many happy hours, but all things must have an end and it has been decided to finish up the season with one grand flual hop which is to take place in the hall on Wednesday evening lext, the loth inst., and it has also been arranged that a supper shall take place after the dancing, to which liquids and solids shall be ontributed respectively by gentleman and lady members Taken altogether the Island season this year has been an immense success from start to finish, and all the members of the Aquatic Association are to be heartily congratulated upon its results, especially the president, Mr. Wade, and the secre tary, Mr. Bronchard, who have both worked hard to ensure its success and who have been energetically backed up in their efforts. It is expected that the Island will be more popular than ever next year.

Amongst those who passed the season at Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe, were the fol-lowing: Cottagers—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and family, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson and family of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomson and child of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Roche and daughter of Galt, Mr. W. E. Lundy, Mrs. and Miss Lundy of Orillia, and Dr. and Mrs. Carmen o. New York. Registered at the Island House were Mr. and Mrs. John Alt-ken, Miss H. Paterson, Mr. W. H Kestin, Mr. R. L. Fraser and son, Rev. W. Brookman, Mr. J. E. Rogers, Mr. J. Harold, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mc-Clain and child and Mr. W. A. Lee of Toronto. Mrs. James and Miss Currie of Jersey City, N.J., Miss Florence MacDonald of New York, Miss Lilian Forrest of Winnipeg, Messrs. D. and J. M. Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. D.V. Hill of Chicago, Mr. John G. Harper of Pollard, Ala., Miss Hattle Harper of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Whittaker, Mr. M. J. Frawley, Mr. J. Forsyth, Mrs. C. E Hewson, Miss Maggie Boy, Miss Eva S. Patterson, Mr. Fred Marr, and Mr. R. J. Fraser of Barrie.

Mcs. Drechsler Adamson will return from Scotland about September 25 and resume her

Miss Maud Snarr of Huron street has resurned home from visiting friends in Hamilton and Meaford.

Rev. W. Hoyles Clark, rector of St. Barnabas church, was in Hamilton this week, the guest of Mr. W. A. Mighten, at Chedoka.

Mrs. Charles Powell and Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place returned home this week after summering at St. Andrews, N.B.

Miss Maude Wilson of Shuter street is visit ing Mrs. W. A. Mighten, at Chedoka, Hamil-

Among the guests of Prospect House last week were the Lord Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Milligan, Miss Ida Milligan, Mr. J. Fred Ramsey, Mr. C. Stiles, Mr. W. E. Middleton, Mr. E. B. Lefroy of Toronto, Mr. Duncan McIntyre of Montreal, Mr. J. B. Sewell of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. O'Hare, the Misses McDonell of Rochester, Mr. George Monteith of Cleveland, Mr. H. J. Russell Snow, Mr. J. D. McCullough, Mr. W. N. Irwin, the Misses Molesworth, Miss N. Macdonald, Mr. Frank W. Maclean, Mr. R. M. Keating of Toronto, Mrs. W. Copp, Miss Copp of Hamilton, Mr. Haas, Mr. Thomas McCracken, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmstead and Miss Holmstead, Mr. S. M. Jarvis, Mrs. Brooke of Toronto.

Mesars, Osborne and Harold Brooke of Toronto have been guests at the Toronto Church School boy's camp, Port Sandfield,

Mr. A. Piddington of the Quebec Bank, Toron to, and Mr. S. Piddington of the Quebec Bank, Ottawa, have been staying at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, for the last ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Christie of Toronto, Mrs. J. J. Palmer of San Francisco, and Mr. Ernest Morphy are at Summit House, Port

Miss Olive Millichamp left Windermere on Monday for Toronto.

Miss Lash and the Misses Domville of Hamlton returned homewards this week.

Major and the Misses Dawson are spending few days in Muskoka.

Hon. J. B. Robinson spent a day or two at Governor's Island.

Guests at Beaumaris: Dr. Willard and family of Alleghany City, Mr. Boultbee of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. Crease, Miss Robinson of Sarnia, Mrs. F. and Miss Domville of Hamilton, Mrs. Palmer, Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart of Toronto, Miss Miller and Mrs. Wilson Miller of Alleghany City, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke of Orillia, Mrs. Alfred Chapman of Toronto, Mr. W. J. Blackwell of Trenson, N. J., Mr. H. M. and Mr. A. Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. D. McKee of Pittsburgh, Mrs. H. B. and Miss Logan of Alleghany.

A very interesting social event took place last Tuesday afternoon, which filled St. Luke's Caurch with an admiring and well-wishing throng of Toronto fashionables. The occasion was the celebration of the double nuptials of the two elder daughters of Mr. John Kemp of the Bank of Commerce of this city, the elder, Miss Gertrude, being married to Mr. Frederick C. Winans of Detroit, and the younger, Miss Bessie, to Rev. J. C. Farthing, rector of Woodstock. The ceremony was performed by his lordship the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Dr. Davies and Rev. Dr. Langtry. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers Shortly after two o'clock the wedding party arrived. The sister brides were dressed in similar gowns of white Sicilienne, made in a style of great simplicity, most becoming to the tall and graceful figures of the wearers. The trained skirts were open over a panel on the left side, with edges of puffed Sicilienne and a puffing of the same about the bodices. A like ornamentation outlined the V shaped opening at the neck and was filled in with soft ruffles of chiffon. The customary veils and coronets of orange blossoms completed these chaste and charming costumes. The bridesmaids, Miss Alice and Miss Agnes Kemp, wore old rose surah dresses with Medici collars, and white hats, and carried bouquets of carnations. Mr. Charles Heath acted as best man to Mr. Winans and Rev. Prof. Cayley of Trinity College to Mr. Farthing. Mr. Noxen, Mr. G. A. Harcourt, Mr. B. Winans, and Mr. Burns of Hamilton officiated as ushers. A weilding breakfast and reception were held at 33 St. Vincent street, the residence of Mr. J. C. Kemp, after the perform ance of the ceremony, at which the following guests tendered their congratulations : Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Davies and Mrs. Davies, Rev. Dr. Langtry and Mrs. Langtry, Rev. A. J. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Aird, Mrs. Winans and Mrs. Edward Winans, Mr. Noxen, Miss Ridley of Hamilton, Mr. Charles of Woodstock, Miss Cameron, Mr. McCuaig, and Rev. Dean Wade of Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mise Jen nings, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Kemp, Mr. Edward Kemp, Miss Morley, Mr. G. A. Harcourt, Miss Day, Mr. B. Winans, Miss Playter, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw, and many others Mr. and Mrs. Winans left on the afternoon train for Chicago, contemplating a tour of the Western States, while Mr. and Mrs. Farthing (Continued on Page Bleven.)

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for Kingston, Brockville, Prescots, Cornwall and Monireal. Fare from Hamilton, 85; return, \$15. Fare from
Toronto, \$7 50; return, \$14. For freight or passage apply
to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Gedder
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OME day I shall even with her," said pretty girl in my hearing one day lately. She was not pretty, though, as she said it, for a hard little wrinkle had come between eyes and a fire

flashed under her knit brows, and a certain tightness about her lips told of the determination to carry out her prophecy to its bitter ful-fillment. I wondered what act of treachery or unkindness had caused her to bristle so erectly, and wondered again how she purposed achiev-ing her "evening up." There is a good deal of that spirit in us, I fancy, when we meet with unexpected and undeserved shabby treatment, and it is hard not to form a mental revenge, even though our restored equanimity fails to carry out the hasty scheme.

Although silence is usually a lady's weapon against impertinence and rudeness, it is often more because she is at a loss for the right words to express her resentment and annihilate her adversary that she takes refuge therein, than from the possession of an imperturbability above being ruffled. Once in a month of Sundays the tongue and brain are ready, the "retort courteous" leaps out and paralyzes him or her who has evoked it. Scores of good stories award the palm to our Ir/sh cousins for peculiar gifts in this direction, but once in a while some other beings accomplish a success.

A new industrial departure for the gilded youth of Toronto has come to life-no less than a practical school of cookery. It is to open on the fourteenth, and is to be conducted by an English professoress, who has met with great success in Montreal during the past two years. I know several little wives and naidens who are determined to learn the true inwardness of a properly built pie, and the sweetness and light of a reliable meringue, and also the more fleshly attributes of a self-respecting beefsteak or a young and guileless fowl. And one of them, the most insinuating creature of my acquaintance, has had the temerity to invite me to dinner on the strength of her avowed determination to join this new cooking class, in the following appalling terms: "I hope you and Mr. Gay will come over and risk your lives on some of my experiments." This from a female person who has the expression of a scraph and reads Toletoi, made me pause to wonder "What next?"

But, really, this cooking school is a healthy, sensible idea, and will discover and develop the genius of those who are "born cooks," just as last winter's dressmaking school brought to light the taste and ingenuity of a score of Toronto's brightest women, whose dainty gowns made a recorded impression on my critical observation. I have my doubts about whether the gastronomical attractions will meet my case as well, but a cup of cold poison, offered by the fair hands of my correspondent above quoted, would somehow have to be swallowed.

Have they got an Inspector Archibald in all England that such things can be as these? Some little time ago a number of volunteers were ordered to parade for a bathe, and preceded by their regimental band, in full glare of noonday, they paraded to the beach, undressed, and in a state of nature, which recalls the outrageous story told by Rudyard Kipling of the Taking of Lungtungpen, they did bathe, swim, souse and splash, and afterwards run about to dry themselves, in the full view of a horrified town! This for once was bad enough, but worse has been done than this. A regiment of Highland Light Infantry now quartered at Dover are marched down in early morning, every day, to the skirling of their pipes, to disport themselves in like m anner, and though the discordant wall seems to meet the views of the compulsory bathers, the townspeople are beginning to rebel, as much at the music as at the pre-Adamite garb of the defenders of

Why will some girls and women, who should know better, persist in putting on their gloves, one or both, in the street? I remember long years ago being rebuked for this bad habit by an English dowager, whose position made her words an authority: "Please do not wait to button your gloves until you are in the streets-only ladies' maids and shop girls do so." I am afraid there is every excuse for the busy and worried shop girl, as she scurries home to lunch, if she does straighten her hat and clothe her hands on the way; but our Toronto saleswomen usually spend their proper number of moments in "prettying" themselves and buttoning their gloves, down in the dingy dressing closets, at least so far as my cursory observation has enlightened me.

Among the batch of letters which lie on my desk every day I have found one which rouse all my antagonism, or rather would do so did I not know that the writer has lots to learn on the subject discussed. In answering the en. quiry of a lady correspondent, I advised her to be faithful to the poor man whom she loved, even though by doing so she sacrificed her chance of helping an invalid sister, and securing a rich husband and a luxurious home-in a marriage with a worthy Dives whom she did not love. The writer of the letter I am at odds with addressing me as "Miss Editress," rebukes me in the following terms: "I think these are nonsensical thoughts with which to fill a young girl's brain. If the young man of the first part is not prepared to surround a wife with the comforts to which she has been used, he had better quietly obliterate himself. I am a believer in the saying that 'When poverty comes in at the door, love files out at the window.'" As my good correspondent also requests me to give her or him a graphological study, I have rather an unfair advan tage, because what I find renders the above q uoted opinion innocuous and excusable. The man or woman who advocates a mariage de

bright generation; who dubs constancy, loyalty, self-respect and self-denial, "nonsensical thoughts with which to fill a young girl's brain," who regards a loveless marriage as far preferable to single blessedness is not possessed of the happy experience, the independence, the regard and sympathy, the approving con-science and the true gentlewomanhood which come to the loving and sacrificing wife who is willing for one dear sake to do without many of the comforts to which she has been "used." The girl who marries for a luxurious home takes a far greater risk than I would dare; for though in some cases, where the woman lacks strength of will or is quite heart-whole, love such as is necessary to a happy marriage may come and all end well, such endings are the exception and not the rule. Things re-adjust themselves in that case. The loving wife pays her conscience money and forgets her dishonest barter, the devotion of her heart goes where her false vow said it went in the first place but in the other case, years only bring punishment and weariness and an ever chafing chain to the creature of sense and sordidness.

Lady Gay is not one particle romantic or highflown any more than she is a "Miss Editress," and she speaks whereof she knows when she discourses on the necessity of love above every other thing, between the man and woman who are to be one flesh until death do

She Stoops to Conquer.

Across the fields, one summer day, Wandered a youth and a maiden gay,
The fields were in green, the maid was in blue,
While the youth was in love, of sombre hue.

For this daughter of Eve, as cruel as fair, Had driven her lover quite to despair; Of glances, and smiles, and words, she gave many, But of love or caresses she gave—not any.

Soon to a stile the pair drew nigh, And a gleam of hope lit the young man's eye; But no sign did he make, though glad he might feel; The maiden went first, and round turned the wheel—

But only half way, for this suitor bold Had entered it too, and fast did he hold. While he said to the maid, "Not a step do you go Till you have paid toll for all my wos."

For a space, woman's wit and man's muscle opposed, They stood by the stile, but, far from composed, In dismay she gazed on her stalwart foe; Retreat she would not. Pay toll? Ah, no!

So, quick as a flash, she stooped and was gone, Away from the stile and the youth foriors. As for her captor alone on the hill, For aught I know he may be there still. CHARLOTTE AGNES POWELL



An American's Wit.

An American's Wit.

When Colonel Bob Ingersoll was in Europe last, he visited Westminster Abbey for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Nelson, the guide said:

"That, sir is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world hever knew—Lord Nelson's. This sarcoughhogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a sized receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetrically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin holding the hashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the colonel, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If ever he gets out of that, cable me at my expense."—

Argonaut.

Cycling Notes.

He—Do you belong to the Psychical Society? She—No; but I semetimes go out on my brother's machine! FAMILY RECEIPT.—To prepare a bottle of Bitters at a price to suit every person, take the quarter of a 25c. package of the celebrated "Indigenous Bitters" and infuse it in three half pints of boiling water.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thor oughly equipped with the fall and winter styles and modes The latest French. English and American fashions. At early visit and inspection invited. Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

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Ladies' Slik Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c.
Handsitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c.
Ladies' Windsor Soarfs, 25c.
Children's Handkerchiefs, 25c. doz.
Ladies' Chemisette Collars.
Ladies' Chemisette collars.
Linen Collars and Cuffs.
Regatts Collars, two for 25c.
Note specially the line of Embroidered Chiffon, 25c.
yard.

You wheel around, as it were, to the other side of these counters, and find much that's suggestive in laces—Torchon, Oriental, Russian. Every completeness is connected with this stock. The minutest detail has our thought.

Fancy Silk and Tinsel Cords.

Velvets and Fancy Ribbons.
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The pureet of Table WATERS. The ONLY Natural Mineral WATER NOW supplied to H. M. the Queen of

LONDON, July 28, 1891. Professor Wanklyn, the greatest living authority on

water, states:

"I have analyzed the Godes-Berger water, and find that
"It is EXQUISITELY PURE. Its saline ingredients are
"normal—just those required to form AN IDEAL TABLE

"J. ALFRED WANKLYF.] (Signed)

### THE PEER AND THE WOMAN By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"THANK GOD! THAT HE HAS GONE," For some time Lord Clanavon stood with the paper in his hand, doubtful how to act. Then he quietly dropped it again where he had found it, and strolled away to another part of the room. When Mrs. Smith entered a few minutes later with the luncheon tray, he did not even mention the subject. "Not at all an unpleasant room, this," he recommended.

"Not at all an unpleasant room, this," he remarked, as she commenced sotting out the things, "but where did my father sleep when

marked, as she commenced setting out the things, "but where did my father sleep when he came down here?"

He was watching her very closely, and he could detect a slight uneasiness in her manner as she answered, after a moment's hesitation:

"In here, sir. There is a sort of chair bedstead stands in my room, and he used to have that brought here. If you are spending the night, here, my lord—"

"I am not," he interrupted. "I shall be leaving this afternoon."

It was impossible for Mrs. Smith to altogother conceal her relief. Lord Clanavon noticed her changed aspect, but he made no retark.

re ark.
"This is a very queer old place, Mrs. Smith,"

"This is a very queer old place, Mrs. Smith," he remarked.

"It is, my lord, very old-fashioned, and I'm sure the damp is something awful. In the wet weather I'm most of the time down with rheumatics. For them who's not used to such places it must be most unhealthy."

He turned away to hide a slight smile.
"I'm not surprised to hear it, Mrs. Smith," he said, gravely. "By the by, when I was a youngster I used to hear some queer stories about the place—or was it my fancy? Aren't there some secret rooms in this tower, and a passage leading somewhere or other? I fancy I used to hear my father talk about them."

He had strolled away to the window, but had carefully placed himself opposite a small mirror. In it he saw the sudden start which had set all the ribbons in her cap rustling, and watched the deadly pallor creep into her wrinkled face. It was enough for him. He forbore to turn around, and stood idly gazing out of the window, as though the matter were of small interest to him.

"It must be—a mistake, my lord. I have never heard of any."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Very likely. If you have never heard of any, it must have been. Well, I'll have some luncheon now, and then finish looking through these papers. I expect a fly or carriage of some sort here about four o'clock. Will you let me know when it is here, and bring me a cup of tea?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else

tea?"
"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else
I can do now?"
"Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Smith. Your
chickens look very good, and the air has given
me an appetite. Where did this claret come

me an appetite. Where did this claret come from?"

Your father had it sent here, my lord, several years ago. There is a great deal of it in the cellar."

'I'm very glad to hear it," he answered, emptying his glass. "I think I'll have it sent back to Londor, as I don't intend coming down here again. It's too good to lose sight of. There's nothing else at present, Mrs. Smith."

"Very good, my lord. I'm sorry you'll find there's no bell; but I'll come for the tray in half an hour."

Shis lass half and consent here.

after her. When she returned he had finished his iunch, and was seated once more at the writing table. This time, as he appeared to be busy, there was no conversation between them. She cleared the things away in silence

busy, there was no conversation cetween them. She cleared the things away in silence and departed.

He waited until she had got out of hearing before he moved. Then he lit a cigar, and cpening the door walked out into the corridor connecting the tower with the main building. A few yards down it there was a great fissure in the Inland wall. He leaned over this and folding his arms upon the stonework looked thoughtfully at the tower.

Two things struck aim about it. First, that taking into account the small size of the room which he had just quitted, the walls must either be of extraordinary thickness, or there must be some hollow space between; secondly, that from its great height and the fact of the orly room in it being right at the top, it had probably been built for a watch tower. The last theory made the possibility of the existence of any secret rooms about the place somewhat unlikely; yet it seemed a very feasible one; for a strong light burning in that little chamber at the top of the tower would cast its reflection far over the sea which rolled in to its very base.

If there had been time, and if he could have

reflection far over the sea which rolled in to its very base.

If there had been time, and if he could have been sure that Mrs. Smith was not watching him, he would have liked by some means to have got down on the beach below and have examined the tower from its base. But glancing at his watch, he saw that there was acarcely time for this, so he determined to put the plan which he had previously determined upon into execution. He walked back into the room, and throwing away his cigar, carefully examined the walls on the north side. He tried them inch by inch all the way along without result. They were perfectly solid stone and mortar. He looked all round the free-place: it was even more unpromising. stone and mortar. He looked all round the fire-place; it was even more unpromising. Then he tried the walls on the other side, though he hoped for little from these, for from the window he could tell that there was not much space for a passage of any sort between the inside and outside of the wall. Finally he concluded his search with a shrug of the shoulders, and confessed himself beaten—for a

time.

He lit another cigar, and sitting down in the He lit another cigar, and sitting down in the easy chair once more read through the little packet of letters which he had secured. They told him so little, and yet so much. He could scarcely see, now that he had them, how to act. It was all vague and unsatisfactory. In his heart he knew that he was sorry that he had found them. It was a chapter of his father's life which had better have been kept closed for ever. Had it not been for that marriage certificate—had there been mention of an angry father or brother, of the disgrace which, save for that slip of paper, he might have brought upon that dead woman and her family—then it might have been possible to connect this it might have been possible to connect this incident with his father's murder, and thus he might have hunted down the assassin. But as it was, it seemed to him impossible to do so. This was an episode, a startling episode, but it had a finite ending. It was finished and done with. There was no point in it which he could lay hold of and follow out with any hope of its leading him to a definite clue.

Four o'clock came, and soon afterwards Mrs Smith knocked at the door, and entered, carry

Smith knocked at the door, and entered, carrying a small bag.

The fly from Mewiton has arrived, my lord, and I have trought you your tea.

He drank it, and then carefully locked up the writing desk and prepared to depart.

"I shall send down here some time, Mrs. Smith," he said, "for the papers in that desk. I will let you know when. Or perhaps I may write and ask you to forward them. You will be able to do that?"

"Certainly, my lord. I would use great care."

He drew on his overcost, and then swung the key thoughtfully backwards and forwards upon his finger.

'Perhaps," he said, "until I do so I had better take the key and let Mr. Brudnell have it."

She seemed a little disturbed, and there was an anxious gleam in her eyes. But she struggled to hide it.

"It would be perfectly safe here, my lord, where you found it. I would not let it out of my sight."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Smith," he said walking by her side down the corridor, "but lawyers are very particular sort of people, you know, and there are important papers in that desk. I think, in fact, I know that Mr. Brudnell would prefer having the key himself."

"Very good, my lord." They passed through the gallery and the dreary succession of uninhabited and uninhabitable rooms, and out into the yard, where a closed fly, drawn by a pair of nondescripts—one pony and a horse—was waiting. Lord Alceston took his seat all once, and made his adieux to Mrs. Smith from the window. window.
"Good day, Mrs. Smith. Much obliged for

"Good day, Mrs. Smith, Much obliged for your attention."
"Good day, my lord, and if ank you."
She dropped him an old fashioned curtsey and stood with a very forced smile on her lips, till the carriage drove off. Then it vanished, and her whole appearance changed. She stood watching the vehicle as it curved slowly across the half bracken-covered, half barren moor, and around little sickly plantations of fir trees, with a fixed eager gase which changed, the moment it finally disappeared, into a look of intense relief. The tears glistened in her eyes and her lips trembled. It had been a great strain on her, but thank God it was over. He had gone. Thank God for it.

CHAPTER XXVI. A SPRING DOOR.

A SPRING DOOR.

The carriage which was conveying Lord Alceston back towards more civilized regions, had scarcely proceeded more than a couple of miles when its occupant thrust his head out of the window and called to the driver to stop. The man pulled up at once, and turned round to find that his lordship had dismounted and was standing by his side.

"Look here, my man," he said slowly, "do you want to earn a sovereign?"

"I shouldn't make no objection to that, your lordship, answered the man, touching his hat with a broad grin of anticipation. By his accent and readiness of speech he was evidently no provincial.

"Very well then, listen to me, and I'll tell you how," Lord Alceston continued. "I've altered my mind about going away to-day. Don't ask any questions, but just do as I tell you. Drive back to the inn, and simply say that you were not wanted, but are to come to the castle for me to-morrow morning. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, your lordship. Am I to drive you back to the castle now or leave you here?"

you understand?"
"Perfectly, your lordship. Am I to drive
you back to the castle now or leave you here?"
"You are to leave me here. I shall return

"You are to leave to locally in the man answered, gathering up his reins.
"You can go."
"Yery good, your lordship."
"Then why don't you start?"
The man touched his hat and smiled insinuationly.

The man touched his hat and smiled insinuatingly.

"There was a small amount to be earned, your lordship."

"And you want it in advance, do you?"
Lord A'ceston remarked, smiling, and feeling in his pocket.

"Well, it's like this, your lordship," the man said, confidentially, "they might not put me on the job to morrow, and then, you see—?"
Lord A'ceston handed him up the coin.

"There you are, then. "Vou"re no fool, I see. Remember to be a still tongue in your head."

"There ain't no fear, your lordship. I knows wot I'm to say, and no more. I wish your lordship good afternoon."

The man drove off and left Lord Alceston standing in the middle of the road. It was barely five o'clock, but it was already almost dark. A gusty threatening wind came moaning over the bare expanse of dreary open country, and several black heavy clouds were floating low down across the gray sky. Here and there the few little clumps of shrunken, sunted pine trees stood out like black spots on the soddened heath, and further away inland and over the tossing sea thin vaporous clouds of mist shut in the view. It was as cheerless the soddened heath, and further away inland and over the tossing sea thin vaporous clouds of mist shut in the view. It was as cheerless a view as could possibly be conceived, and Lord Clanavon, although he was not as a rule much affected by his surroundings, could not refrain from a shudder. However, he had a purpose before him, and he intended carrying it through, so buttoning up his coat he turned round, and with the wind in his teeth, started back towards the castle. Directly he came within sight of the ghostly-looking pile, he altered his course, however, striking across the open country, and leaving the castle on his left. In about half an hour he had reached the side of the cliff fronting the bay, immediately above the cottages, and about a quarter of a mile from the castle, which was now in full view.

He looked first at the tower. There was no light there. He drew a quick breath of disappointment, although it was only what he had expected. He look around him, and choosing a flat rock, a little sheltered from the wind, he sat down and lit a cigar.

An hour passed, two hours—three hours, his

An hour passed, two hours—three hours.
An hour passed, two hours—three hours.
Lord Alceston was smoking his last cigar, his
feet were numbed with cold, and his patience
was almost exhausted. Suddenly he jumped
to his feet with a quick exclamation. A light
had suddenly appeared in the dark outline had suddenly appeared in the dark outline before him, and after twinkling unsteadily for a minute or two had settled down to burn with a clear, steady glow. He threw away his cigar, and watched it with a peculiar smile. There could be no possible doubt about it. It came from the chamber in the tower, the key of which was at that very moment in his pocket.

Mrs. Smith was sitting alone in her room, half parlor, half kitchen, with her eyes closed and her hands idle in her lap. Before her on the oaken table was an open Bible, a lamp, and her knitting, but neither had received very much attention from her. She was an old woman, and for her it had been a terrible day. The suspense had wearled her, and now that it was over she was feeling the strain. But she was very grateful. She felt that she had reason to be, and she was genuinely grateful.

had reason to be, and she was genuinely grateful.

"Hark! What was that! Surely not a clicking of the latch! It must have been the wind! a mouse! Hark! Was that not a footstep on the stone flags? Someone had entered the house! They were closing the dow. Oh, Gcd, if it should be he come back!"

She clutched the s.de of her chair, and slowly opened her eyes. Before her, his hair tossed by the wind and the rain streaming from his clothes, stood Lord Alceston, with pale set face, and holding something in his right hand which flashed and gleamed in the dancing firelight. She looked at him, dumb, her eyes glazed with an unutterable horror, and her aged limbs shaking. It was an awful moment. The perspiration stood in great beads on her dry wrinkled forehead. Often afterwards she wondered that the strings of her life had not snapped with the tension. It was enough to have killed her.

His voice broke the spell which had numbed all her senses.

"Mra. Smith." he said aternly. "you have

all her senses.

"Mrs. Smith," he said sternly, "you have lied to me about that room. There is someone in there now. I am going to solve this mystery for myself."

tery for myself."

Consciousness had come to her like a flash. She knew what it was he proposed to do; she foresaw the result. She saw the stern set look in his face, and the barrel of the revolver in his hand. It was the face of a man undaunted, indomitable, fearless. Yet she tried her best. She threw herself on her knees before him. She grovelled at his feet.

"My lord," she cried, "listen to me! Be warned! As sure as there is a God in Heaven I swear to you that you will repent it every

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Sept. 4, 1891

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day of your life if you do this thing."

He looked at her curiously, but utterly un-

moved.

"Though I face death itself, I shall go to that room and discover its occupant," he said, quietly. "You have done ill in keeping this thing secret from me, whatever it be, and if you have made my house the refuge of criminals you shall answer for it, old woman though you are. Get up! You do no good there."

She sprang towards him, and wound her

though you are. Get up! You do no good ttere."

She sprang towards him, and wound her arms around his neck to hold him back. He disengaged himself as gently as he could, but still with some little force. With a shriek which rang through the bare rooms and empty ruined corridors, and awoke a thousand strange echoes at every corner, she sank back upon the bare stone floor fainting.

He hesitated, but it was only for a second. She must take her chance. He could do little for her if he stayed, and if the sound of her cry had reached the tower he might find the occupant fled. Catching up the lamp in his left hand he hurried away along the wide gallery. Twice he lest his way and had to retrace his ateps, and many times he stumbled over the startled rats and nearly fell. At last he reached the ruined corridors leading to the tower, and his heart gave a great lear. He strode along with the key ready in his hand. When he reached the part where there was a great gap in the side ind roof, the wind blew his lamp out. He threw it away over the side, and heard it go crashing down below. With his free hand he drew his revolver from his pocket, and hurried on.

He reached the door and thrust the key in

crashing down below. With his free hand he drew his revolver from his pocket, and hurried on.

He reached the door and thrust the key in the lock. It was stiff, and creaked in the turning. There was a sound from inside like a sharp report. Lord Clanavon, with a final wrench, threw the door open and stepped quickly inside.

A lamp was burning on the table which had been his father's, and a book lav oven beside it.

There was a strong imail of tobace in the fellom and other evidences of fecent occupation. But the room had he decapenty around for some clue as to the means by which the mysterious occupant had escaped him. Suddenly a certain part of the floor attracted his notice. The carpet was all disarranged, and two of the oaken beams were aslant from a certain point, as though on a hinge. He stooped down to examine them closer, and saw at once that they formed a trap door. He lifted it and below was an iron ladder leading into darkness as black as night.

He did not hesitate for more than a moment. Then slipping his revolver into his pocket and grasping the sides of the ladder with both hands, he commenced the descent. Five, six seven, eight steps he counted. Then it began to get a little lighter, and from the ninth he stepped off on to some sort of flooring. Toere was no sound, no sign of an one else being near.

He struck a match and looked curiously about

was no sound, no sign of anjone else being near.

He struck a match and looked curiously about him. He was in a chamber similar in shape, only smaller, than the one which he had just quitted, but windowless, and with no signs of ever having been regularly used as a human habitation. The walls were damp and spotted with fungl and huge cobwebs, the floor was rough and uneven, and a vault-like musty smell filled the place. The only light came from a small opening in the wall on the seaward side, which seemed also to afford the sole means of ventilation.

A little heap in the far corner attracted Lord Clanavon's attention, and he made his way carefully towards it. Unfit though the place was, it had evidently been used by someone as a temporary lodging, for here in the driest portion was a heap of bedclothes, linen, and a few other articles bundled together as though in great haste with the view of hiding them. Directly he saw them, Lird Clanavon knew that the object of his search could not be far away.

He struck another match and looked around

He struck another match and looked around to see what means of exit the place afforded. Almost opposite him was a small wooden door, rotten with age and tottering on its hinges. Some efforts seemed to have been made to strengthen it, for sprung from hooks were roughly tied up with rops, but there was neither lock nor volt to it.

Lord Clansvon looked at it for a minute, and then took a quick step forward and lit another match. There was no doubt about it. The door was shaking slightly backwards and forwards, as though held on the other side by an unsteady hand, and drawing a step nearer still and listening, he could hear a faint, low sound—the sound of an exhausted and panting man struggling to hold his breath.

(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.)

Athletics.

Sporting Life, London, Eag., says: "One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other aliments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States.

Analogy: False and True.

John Burroughs, in an essay in the September Atlantic on Analogy: False and True, which is full of analogies quoted from all kinds of writers, says:

A man's life may stagnate as literally as water may stagnate, and just as motion and direction are the remedy for one, so purpose and activity are the remedy for the other. Movement is the condition of life, any way. Set the currents going in the air, in the water, in the body, in the mind, in the community, and a healthier condition will follow. Change, diversity, activity, are the prime conditions of life and health everywhere. People with doubts and perplexities about life go to work to ameliorate some of its conditions, and their doubts and perplexities vanish, not because the problems are solved, as they think they are, but because their energies have found an outlet, the currents have been set going. Persons of strong will have few doubts and urcartainties. They do not solve the problems, but they break the spell of their enchantment. Nothing relieves and ventilates the mind like a resolution.

All trades, pursuits, occupations, furnish types or symbols for the mind. The word "whitewash" has become a very useful one.

Thoreau said he would not be as one who drives a nail into more lath than plaster. Even the railroad has contributed useful terms, as side-tracked, down brakes, the red flag, etc. Great men are like the through train that connects far distant points; others are merely local. From the builder we get the effective phrase and idea of scaffolding. So much in the society is mere varnish and veneer. Life is said to have its "seamy side." The lever and the fulcrum have their supersenuous uses. The chemist with his solvents, precipitations, crystalizations, attractions and repulsions, and the natural philosopher with his saticand dynamics and his correlation of forces, have enlarged our powers of expression. The strata of the geologist furnish a useful type. What a significant symbol is afforded by the wave! There is much in life, in [history, ann in all nature that is typified by it. We have cold waves and how waves, and in the spring and fall migrations of the birds we have "bird waves." Earthquake shocks go in waves and circles; how often our views and conceptions of things are expressed by the circle! It is a symbol of most profound meaning. It helps us to under stand how the universe is finally inexplicable; that there is neither beginning nor end, and that it retreats forever into itself.

The author of John Inglesant draws this apt illustration from a common game. "Life," he says, "is like a game of cards, you cannot control the cards, but of such as turn up you must make the most," Or this, still more apt: "The election of a new pope is like a change of trumps at a game of cards, All persons and matters remain the same as they were before; yet their realms and relationships are all changed; the aspect of the entire scene is altered."

Exhibition Attractions.

Exhibition Attractions.

One of the most interesting things at the coming Exhibition in Toronto to ladies especially will be the exhibit by the manufacturers of the now celebrated Health Brand undervests. All the new styles of the fall season will be shown, and the attendants will give away samples of the wool they are made from, thus enabling the public to satisfy themselves that it is as absolutely fine and pure as claimed. Make a note of this. Over a hundred autograph testimonials from the leading doctors of every important town in Canada. The goods are for sale in every first-class store, but when asking for this make, unless you see the word Health stamped on the article, it won't be genuine.



Lucullus—What's the matter with you, old feller? Damocles—Nothing, excepting the fact that when eggs get as cheap as that and a chap's got to play Hamlet in Saginaw to-morrow

n'ght, it —— Lucullus—Say no more, pardner. You have my sympathy!

Girlish Confidence Betrayed.

Suste—I don't want to seem flattered by the attentions of these men. I don't look as if I hadn't been used to such things, do I any—No. You look as if you were a belle before the war,

His Love for Grammar.

His Love for Grammar.

"Darling," he said softly, and at the same time with a certain degree of firmness, "I enjoyed your letters greatly while I was away." Oh, did you, George?" cried the beautiful girl, her face glowing with pleasure.

"Yes, Ethel, I did," he said, "despite the fact that I could hardly approve of some of the phrases you used."

"Oh, I know I can't write well, George," she said penitently, while she toyed with his silken mustache, "but you knew what I meant?"

"Yes, I knew what you meant," he said, patronisingly, "but it was nevertheless open to misconstruction, and one cannot be too careful. I am somewhat of a stickler in that line, you know. Now, in your last letter you began "My Dearest Darling,"

"Oh, George!" And the beautiful girl tried to hide her blushes in his shoulder.

"Tut, tut," he said. "Don't be foolish. That would indicate, you see, that you had several other darlings. Of course, it gives me the preference as being the dearest, but then it doesn't look right for a girl to have too many



darlings. One ought to be sufficient, especially when he is engaged."

"Why, George!" She had her head off his shoulder now.

"Oh, of course, I know what you mean," he went on, in his superior way, "but one might has well be correct. Now, in another letter you called me your 'ownie own.' That doesn't make sense. 'Ownie own.' That doesn't meaning than 'own."

"George!" There was a menace in her tone, but he was too busy with his little lesson to notice it.

notice it.
"Another time — "he began.
"Never mind the other time," she inter-

"Never mind the other time," she Interrupted.
"Why, my dear, I was only giving you a little instruction in the use of English."
"Oh, yes, my use of language doesn't suit."
The beautiful girl was a trifle excited.
"My dearest—"
"But I'll improve—I'll do better. I suppose if I called a man Mr. Jones it would indicate that there were other Joneses who were not to be called 'Mister'?"
"Um—well—"

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be called 'Mister' ?"

"Um—well—"

"Um, well, yes. And if I ever meet another man named Jones, George Marion Jones, I'll take pains to call him Mr. Jones. Good night."

As George Marion Jones walked slowly home he resolved never again to find fault with the wording of a love letter. The next feminine heart he captures can roam at will in or out of the dictionary and the grammar.



It isn't difficult to crack the nut in which the truth is hidder. The easiest thing in the world is to spend money, and it's just about as easy to spend it injudiciously. This is exactly easy to spend it injudiciously. This is exactly what you do not do when you purchase our furniture. When you lay out a dollar you expect to get it back again, not in actual money, but in value received for value given. We give you at least a dollar's worth for a dollar, and we guard your interests as carefully as we do our own. Figure as closely as you please, you can never make a more profitable calculation than that which enters into the purchase of everything for the home in this establiahment. We know our prices are the lowest in the market, and all who want easy credit get it for the asking.

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Leo, coming nearer, throws his arms around her and says:

"It was best, our parting, my love. For in my lonely days, my days of seeming hopeless love, I learned to cherish you with an affection so pure and so holy that I feel that time is as nothing to us and that our love is eternal. It can never die, can it my darling?"

And nestling herselt Leoline answers:
"Never."

Correspondence Coupon. The above coupon must accompany every graphological

study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correct pondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphologica

studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter

including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be an swered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quo-tations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please

address Correspondence Column. Eaclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ELIRABETH —Only practice will do it, my lady, steadiness and pretty curves can be accomplished by real attentive practice.

#### The Two Leos.

The Two Leos.

(Written for Saturday Night by A. L. McNab.)

In a beautiful valley, watered by a winding limple river, flanked by towering wooded cliffs on three sides, and running down on the fourth to one of the most charming bays Canada possesses, the hamlet of G.— was situated. The scenery in the neighborhood was most varied and of the grandest types. Great rugged fit-clad hills, rocky gorges, farstretching plains, puring brooks, rumbiling water falls, glorious sunsets, all these and a thousand other beauties were included in the attractions of G.— and therefore one need not wonder that Leo Brakinson, with his artist soul, had, without hesitation, on visting the place, resolved to pass the summer vacation there. And it is here that we find him on the delightful June afternoon on which this sketch opens, sauntering slowly down the maple-shaded country road towards his modest farm-house lodgings.

As he passes the little red-brick church on the outskirts of the village, his attention is attracted by the strains of a sweet and well trained sop and voice. He pauses a moment, approaches the door and finding it unlatched pulls it part way open and peeps cautiously in. At the organ was seated one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. Her face was of a most perfect classic type, and the mass of golden hair which was colled about her head was lit up by the dying sun rays to an almost heavenly radiance.

As Leo gazed on the beautiful profile presented to him, the player, as if conscious of some scrutinizing gaze, turned suddenly round and their eyes met. The girl on beholding a stranger blushed in confusion, and Leo, blushing almost as much, mumbled forth some words of apology, basing his grounds of intrusion emphatically on her "entrancing voice." The girl, having by this time regained her self-possession, and being somewhat pleased by his flattery, informs him that no apologies are necessary and without hesitancy, (being but a village girl) invites him to take a seat, adding that she is the minister's daugh (Written for Saturday Night by A. L. McNab.)

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knowing the other's name nor even thinking of asking or informing.

Then Loo begs her to sing for him. She does so, and having chosen an old Scotch love balad, is pouring it forth with all her soul. Loo is gazing at the lovely, sad face and wondering what that strange feeling was which her presence called forth, when a step is heard outside. The door pushed open and both Leo and his companion looking up, bahold the minister approaching. His face is wreathed with smiles and he seems about to make some bantering remark when his eyes fall upon Leo and the smile instantly gives place to a black cloud of anger.

"Leo!" he almost shrieks.

"Leo!" he almost shrieks.

Both look up (the girl's name is Leoline, Leo for short), but the minister's eyes were fixed

"Leo!" he almost shrieks.

Both look up (the girl's name is Leoline, Leo for short), but the minister's eyes were fixed on the youth.

"Leo, how came you here? Have you in spite—" Toen checking himself and turning to his daughter, "Leoline, you may go. I will overtake you. I wish to speak with this man." L'ooline (for by this name you must now know the minister's daughter) reluctantly rises to obey her father's orders, wondering how he comes to know this young man and wondering still more at the striking resemblance in their names. Giving the stranger one last long glance, in return for which she receives one so tender that it thills her very soul, she leaves the church.

As soon as she is well out of hearing the minister again turns to Leo. "How come you here, sir? Had you not man enough about you to shift for yourself after I had cast you off, and have you again ferreted me out? Know this, young man, that I am once and for all done with you. Our interview in Toronto, last winter, I hoped was final, but it seems not so. Let this be. You will please leave the church, and while you remain here I forbid you speaking to L'oline, my daughter."

Leo's face during this insulting harangue bursts forth into a very sea of anger and he can scarcely retain the impulsive and haughty sieech rising to his lips. But his better nature conquers and he remains silent until the minister has finished, then taking his hat he bids him good afternoon, adding as he is leaving:

"Tis by chance, sir, that thus we meet. I sought this village for its scenery, little suspecting that you played a dual role in the world and were cloistered as a minister in this remote spot. You need fear nothing hereafter from my interference as I shall leave for Toronto to night," and without deigning to hear the minister's reply he saunters from the church, leaving him half sorry, half provoked at his own impetuous conduct, and hastens towards his lodging.

Mr. Erskine, the minis'er, after a few moments also hurries from the building intent on overflowing

"My Dran Leone to derive you all for Leoline sake. Hasten, as I shall have good news for you."

Day after day Leoline wakched for Leo in the viliage, but of course watched in value. I now as by this time in Toronto valuly trying to forget the golden-balred, village beauty who had, in the few moments they had spent together in the church, stolen his heart. But whatever he did, where they had spent together in the church, stolen his heart. But whatever he did, where was in lora, and hopelessly, for Leoline's father was the only father he had ever known. Leoline must be his sister.

At least he decided to write to her, to explain what he knew, and find out if after all there might not be some mintake.

At least he decided to write to her, to explain what he knew, and find out if after all there might not be some mintake.

At least he decided to write to her, to explain what he knew, and find out if after all there is a strain to the post of the property of the property and the pro

throwing herself on his mercy, confessing her love for Leo and imploring an explantion of the relationship existing between the minister and her lover.

She goes down to the library, timidly enters, and stands all confusion before her father. He looks up and gives a miserable start at the altered appearance of his beloved daughter. She who but a few days ago was the pink of the ward. Her noticeable decline who are all the ward in the old minister, and drawing her toward him he says:

"What can all my little Leo? She is no longer the bright, vivacious child I once knew. Have I been unkind to you, dear? Tell me what is the matter."

Throwing herself at his feet and burying her face in her hands, she stammers:

"Leo, father—Leo—I love him. He is my life, my all—Oh I without him I cannot live. Let me die or give me Leo."

Mr. Erektne had not had be faintest idea of Mr. Erektne had not had. She had buried it so deeply that not even her changed spoarance hinted of love, above all, love for the detested Leo, and the surprise the confession had caused rendered him almost speechless for a moment. Leoline remained at his feet with downcast eyes.

"Leo, what nonsense is this? I had rather see you dead than that man's wife, even if such a thing could be."

"Then it is true, father? What Leo says is true? You are his father? Oh! why did you never tell me that I had a brother? Why did I never know him? Had you told me before this might have been avoided, but now it is too is a true, and it is true, father? Why did not her father's knee she wept convulsively.

The old man was completely overcome by his daughter's grief. He paused a moment, undeeded, then laying his hand on her head he said, in tone which indicated that every word he uttered plered his very heart and that the confession ne was making was an ordeal which nothing but the strongest paternal love could make him undergo."

"Leo I Le

said:
"But father, you'll forgive Leo, won't you? I could not be half so happy if I knew you objected to my love. Kiss me father and say you'll forgive my Leo."
"I'll forgive him my darling," said the old man, big tears running down his cheeks, "I'll forgive and love him for your sake."

forgive and love him for your sake."

Leo Erskinson was sitting at the window of his modest apartment in Toronto one evening, looking out into the cold street. The rain was falling icily and steadily. The gas lamps were being lighted and their yellow glare seemed only to make deeper the gathering gloom of the dull October evening. The passersby, some bolsterous in their merriment, others silent in their sorrow, hurried on toward their respective destinations while Leo sat at the darkening pane and thought of the one of whom he ever thought—of Leoline. His sad reverie is broken by a slight tap at the door.

His landlady pushed open the door saying: "Mr. Erskinson, here is a letter for you. The postman left it some time ago."

"A letter!" exclaimed Leo, crossing the room at a bound and unheeding any further remarks from Mrs. Goulde. He lit the gas and glanced hurriedly at the letter. It was addressed in that firm, bold hand he knew so well.

"From my father!" he said. "What can he

your own quiet way. It wou dan improve your writing by practizing coarefully from round hand copies.

ADAR — Writing shows originality in thought and expression, some ambition, decided self-esteem, carelesaness and lack of steadiness. You have not the easy temper nor the gentle tact that makes the world's rough ways smooth. Your taste is exacting and refleed and will be probably correct, but you need a good deal of training. The material is there, but is in danger of being wasted for lack of judicious working up.

ADA — I am afraid you have found out that patience is the virtue you need, Ada; also that you can't be answered out of your turn. Your writing shows rather a self-seeking nature (probably you have had this forced upon you) and a good appreciation of humor, rather a charp temper, and though thind at heart you are a little bruque in manner, your tendency is to be discursive rather than concentrated, you would be an exacting friend and a very dangerous fos.

Fours — Writing shows indifference to appearances, hasty

oreased in that firm, both head.

"From my father!" he said. "What can he want with me?"

Nervously he tore it open and read:

"My Dear Leo,—Come home to G—— at once. I have forgiven you all for Leoline's sake. Hasten, as I shall have good news for you,

"J. E. Erskine"



visits the Exhibition grounds should go straight to the exhibit of the now celebrated

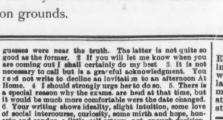
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All the new styles for this fall will be in show cases at the Exhibition grounds.



Again the summer has come and G—is all aglow with its rich beauty. Again down the maple-shaded country road comes Leo Ecakinson. But he is not alone this time. All beaming with health and laden with the trophles of the woods, Leoline is walking at his side. They approach the old church so dear to them now since it was here they first met and leved. By a common impulse they enter, and Leoline sitting down at the organ begins to sing the dear old song which Leo leved so well, because it was the song he first heard her sing. In the Gloaming. When she had finished the last lines,

Best for you and best for me,"

Leo, coming nearer, throws his arms around her and says:

guesses were near the truth. The latter is not quite so good as the former. 2 If you will let me know when you are coming out I shall certainly do my best 3. It is not necessary to call but is a grareful acknowledgment. You red not write to decline an invitation to an afternoon At Home. 4 I should strongly urge her to do so. 5. There is a special reason why the exams are head at that time, but it would be much more comfortable were the date changed. 6. Your writing shows ideality, slight intuition, some love of social intercourse, curiosity, some mirth and hope, honesty and candor, a little self-esteem, not enough decision, and rather a tendency to fruitless effort.

ENGLISH VIOLET.—1. I have never heard of the book but will look it up for you. 2. Certainly not, black frock coat and light browsers with mauve gloves and tie. 3. Your writing shows candor, truth, dignity and amiability. You are fond of a laugh and apt to enjoy a good story. You are fond of a laugh and apt to enjoy a good story. You are inaginative, idealistic and a little fond of your own way, have ability and some amount of culture. Have you been "ecanning the correspondence column" every Saturday since you wrots. Then you must be worn out. It is quite impossible to answer you out of your turn, and I'm sure you did not stop to think when you required an answer on the next flaturday, but then, stopping to think is just what you don't do as a general thing.

XARTIFFR.—1 The twelfth of July is the anniversary of the Bastic of the Boyn. It was fought in the final struggle for civil and religious liberty in England. I cannot tell you how the masses have managed to make of it a religious cause of dispute. 2 Your second question has been answered before this by events. 3. Writing shows imag. nation, erratic impulse, self-will and some energy but not always directed and controlled by good judgment. I should fancy you would enjoy active employment and fret under confinement. You did not write to me but to my predecessor consequently as most your fouch. It

like criticism. Your writing lacks care, thought and consistency.

Kitter, Brantford.—1. I think I have another correspondent who uses your nom de plume, my feline friend, therefore I have located you. 2 Your writing shows care and consideration, love of praise, imaginative power, some energy and ability, good powers of observation and a whole-some lack of conceit. You are good tempered and have rather a pretty dignity which is unusual in one who is not very mature—as I doubt your being. This youthfulness will prevent my saying bad things about your lack of decision, and a few other little short comings which time is bound to cure. You write a charming letter and I suppose you have by this time returned to Toronto. I think you might have sent me the pretty picture of your midsummer home losted of tantalizing me so Ldy Gy's love to you, Kitten.

practise.

BYTOWN.—Writing shows ideality, refinement, intuitive perception, dignity, a slight reserve, good temper and generosity.

M.IRA, Woodstock.—Extreme ideality, independence, rather a desire for effect, some intuitive preception, little sympathy, a rath r quick temper and a capricious fanoy, rather hopeful and proud. home lostead of tantalizing me so. Ludy G sy's love to you, Kitten.

PRETTY.—1. There is no impropriety in asking a gentleman for his picture but it is rather an undignified and unwise thing to do. It is a little worse to offer to exchange with him, I cannot fa oy a really nice girl making herself as chaps as that. 2 It is never necessary to thank your escort for seeing you home, the pleasure is supposed to be on his side and he looks upon it as an honor and privilege if he is a gentleman. When you are old and less sought after, and some young fillow takes care of you, it is allowable to thank him prettily for so doing, encouraging him to be courteous and polite even to isdies who are past their jouncese dorce. 3. When the hostess can aff rid it, it is much more agreeable, if her guests are real "dancing people," to have a pianist, but for a small party, if the hostese plays well and some of her guests are also performers, it is more informal to depend on them. 4. Your writing shows caprice and indecision, vanity and self-will, a disposition to fault finding, but rather about things than epople Isn't that a collection of undesirable traits? But you are also good-natured and kind, fond of humor and probably popular and well thought of, have good natural ability and would be a very sunbeam in cloudy times, can endure a lot for those you love and can love them dearly. sympathy, a rath r quick temper and a capricious fancy, rather hopeful and proud.

Daisy D.—Your writing shows sense of humor, cheerfulness, self-will and great nervous energy. You are independent and decided and have sufficient perseverance, and where you like you like truly and earnestly.

Oursis — 1. You sak for your temperament only. I should say it was the choleric 2. I have not the least idea what sort of a man you would fancy probably a phisgmatic and and tactiturn individual as love delights in opposites.

Nita W.—Your writing shows a deliberate mind not apt to theories nor gush over people or things. It is full of fun, affection and good common sense, but I cannot see that it is developed enough for a stillatory study. Lady Gay and myself return your genile message in kind.

Kayanka.—Writing shows large ideas, and good energy, some decision of character, lack of ease and fluency, some decision of character, lack of ease and fluency, some decision of character, lack of ease and fluency, some carelessness of detail and decided love of praise and desire for success. Writer is rather persevering and will have something to show for his life work before he is old.

Em Leng — I. Work of known merit. Two or more ple-

## How to Live on \$1,000 a Year.

something to show for his lite work derive he is old.

EM LENS — 1. Work of known merit. Two or more pictures must be exhibited bifore the executive committee.

2. Dues are \$15 per annum. \$2. Advantages are attendance at Life Class and Art School. 4. Yes; with the Canadian Royal Academy. 5. I have seen some hanging just outside in Main Hall. How to Live on \$1,000 a Year.

Most of us remember the discussions that took place a few years ago in the London papers, and the numerous letters that appeared in the Times during the silly season as to the various ways of existing on £500 a year. In Canada there are more salaries of \$1 000 than there are of five hundred pounds sterling. One of the great items of expense is dress. Few ladies seem to realize that an outward garment may be ever so thin, provided that a pure wool "Health Brand" undervest be worn next the skin. None genuine unless stamped "Health." in Main Hall.

LITTLE BROWNE — 1 By practising from ordinary roundhand copies. 2. It is anything but pretty. You should
feel ashamed it you are satisfied with its. 3. It is too
unformed for delineation. 4 The name is pronounced with
the accent on the first two letters—thus Evelyn. It is a
charming name.

HREAN.—A very studied and elightly affected chirography. Shows care and consideration of the world's
opinion, some mannerism, lack of energy and decision,
but kindness and conscientiousness. I don't think the
writer is very aged and will probably develop an improved
style of writing.

LIMAR.—You small girls do write the funniest letters

Philosophy From Texas.

Cloves on the breath is a plea of guilty.
The parior is the matrimonial market-place.
A proverb is a clearly stated fact with whiskers on it.
The trouble with the crank is that he will

writer is very seek as the control of the control o nothing but LIVER PILLS.

The rooster crows at daybreak to wake up all the hens for business.

There is more good common sense in the French duel than in any other kind.

Carving white piue goods baxes with a pocket knife is a profession and not a trade.

#### For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PROSPRATE. Dr. W. W. Blackman, Brooklyn, N. Y., says "I am very much pleased with it in seasickness. Several cases have been brought to my attention where it afforded prompt and entire relief."

Of Human Interest.

Morris—Has Dumley any rare coins in his numismatic collection?

Norris—Yes. He has the first quarter ever saved by Russell Sage, and the only honest dollar ever made by Jay Gould.

WILL OURE THEM

FLETT'S DRUG STORE

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Miss Nellie Johnston has just returned from Europe with a full line of the latest novelties in dress goods for street and carriage. Evening wear and bridal trousseau a specialty. The latest novelties in Parislan millinery and trim mings. We invite an early inspection of our stock. Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west.



Never was a more decided hit made than when "Sunlight" Soap was put on the market, revolutionizing, and converting millions of women to adopt a clean, easy and economical way. Have you tried it yet? Don't hesitate, for "Sunlight" will please you.

# Can You Believe It?

true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit, THEY NEVER FAIL, When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER's

LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE

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### THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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#### Misquotations.



OTHING is more frequent and nothing more execrable than to hear a person essay a quotation from some popular writer, only to get it all wrong. One can scarcely listen to a sermon, or join a conversation, without being forced to hear some well

known passage mutilated and spoiled. Perhaps all people do not mix things so horribly as the Kentucky "Colonel" who in delivering a political oration bawled forth in a moment of eloquence and perspiration, "with Tennyson I | erally. But when prosperous he is resplen exclaim, 'Better fifty years in Europe than a circus in Cathay!'" But though that is an extreme case, it really is very little more ridiculous than many that occur in our very midst. Some people would scarcely believe me if I stated that there is a text book on geography, by a very good authority on that subject, in which a passage from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner " is quoted as follows:

"The very deep did rot, O Christ!

That such a thing should ever be: Yea, slimy things did crawl on legs Over the slimy sea."

The thought of the passage is not changed in the least; but any one acquainted with the original will see that the carelessness of the author of the book in question has permitted changes which utterly destroy the dignity and rhythm of the verse.

The change is still less noticeable, but the damage is just as great, when one of Longfellow's best known verses is made to read as follows, as it was the other day by a writer in a big Canadian daily :

"I stood on the bridge at midnight
When the city clocks struck the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city Behind the dark church tower."

If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well. If a quotation is worth making, it is worth making correctly. The finer and more delicate a fabric is the more easily is it injured. and the same is true of literature. Hence, at least ordinary care should be taken in making a quotation. Let us each see to it that we do not render our conversation or writings ridiculous by carelessly making a writer appear to have said something in a way that he himself would, in all probability, have considered ungraceful or indeed absurd. J. A. T.

#### Some Old Friends Back Again.



ON Monday the relatives from the country will be with us, but another group of visitors, not so large perhaps but making up in dignity and importance what it lacks in numbers, has been with us for a week and will remain until the Exhibition is over. This group visitors is composed of the gentry known as "fakirs." And what unction and good nature and popularity that

name implies. To a certain extent these we have always with us; but during Exhibition the itinerant men of business or "honest who yearly wander over nearly the whole civilized part of this continent, blossom with them. One, an old friend of this paper, struck town last Saturday. He entered the business office with an easy, nonchalant air, expressing a good-natured toleration of our presence there. He wasn't a bit afraid of the cashier. He didn't seem to take our view that the cashier was a person to be conciliated, to be treated with an awe-flavored respect, and we were aghast to hear him accost the age by an impudent abbreviation of his surname. Then he acknowledged his acquaintance with another member of the staff and referred to him as "Channie" and "hisdudelets." Then he looked patronizingly at the rest of us and at the canvas representation of the Seven Ages of Man that adorns the financial sanctum, and proceeded to narrate a few of his experiences during the past eighteen months, and to inform us of his abilities as a "Galety dancer," and seasoned his account with choice morceaux of the latest slang, brought by him fresh from Chicago. When he left the office he seemed to consider the paper as poverty stricken, he being richer by but twenty cents.

Our friend the galety dancer is but one of many old friends whom one meets and expects to meet in Exhibition time. There is Hank, he of the egg-bag trick. I have not seen him yet, but the treat is in store for me during the coming week. No doubt he is in some public spot of the city now, with his Wild West coughdrops and sombrero and buckskin cost. I can see his flaring torch, which throws a fitful light o'er a throng of washed and unwashed faces. He is saying, with an unctuous twang:

'Well, friends, one morain' I struck a little hotel in Arkansaw. Landlord says: 'Hello, Hank, whar yeh ben? What'll yeh have for breakfast?"

" What veh got I' ses I. " 'Antelope steaks,' ses he.

"'Ben eatin' antelope steaks every mornin' for two months. What else yeh got f' ses I.

"'Fresh salmon,' says he.
"'Ben eatin' fresh salmon ev'ry evenin', for six months. Eggs is what I want. Got any

eggs?' ses I.
"'Hank,' ses he, 'thar ain't an egg in this hull state of Arkansaw. All the hens is on strike sence this labor agitation.'

"'It don't matter,' ses I. 'I've got to have eggs fur breakfast.'

It's no use, Hank, ses he. "'But I've got to have 'em,' ses I, and I-was getting hot.

"'Well, Hank,' he ses, 'I'll have to bring out that old egg-bag of my grandfather's.' " Here Hank is diving his hands into his worn. old valise and produces a moth-eaten flannel

"Well, he went and took an or'nery-lookin' bag like this-he took that ere big and he turned it inside out like this, you will observe gentlemen that there is nothin' inside it, then he shook it out like this and an egg dropped out like this.'

An egg drops out sure enough and Hank re peats the turning and shaking until four eggs are before him, then he proceeds:

"And now friends, havin' shown the famous egg-bag trick, I wish to call your attention to the great Wild West cough-drops (or whatever lecture, or doze over a else he may have). I see some people movin' off. Yeh come here, and watch me do all my tricks and thinks I do it solely to amuse yeh (and there is a withering contempt in his voice), so I do. But I want yer money jest the same. If yeh haven't got any money I don't want yeh hee-ar"-and so on. Hank is one of many. He sells patent medicines gendent in a black velveteen coat and is a museum proprietor. He holds the controlling interest in the "man-eating cannibal girl" or the Cau casian woman (the only genuine one in this country!), and he sometimes sports an Hero dian mystery—a pretty girl without a body, or rather, a head without a girl to sit upon

There is a certain attraction about the per sonality of fakirs. One is, in an apologetic way, proud of their acquaintance. My friends in the theatrical world would probably resent it if I were to say that it is the same as that which a member of the "profesh" exercises off the stage, but probably there isn't much difference. Fakirs sometimes exist in higher walks of life than those of which I have been writing. As one of the lower ten of the guild might express it. "Our brudders goes in society, some on 'em, and wears dress suits and makes love to pretty girls. An' some of us wears white chokers an' long hair or slick whiskers. But we knows each other."

If one was to elaborate on the gentlemen of the latter species somebody's feelings might get hurt. The ministerial fakir, of whom To ronto has more than her due share, is about the only one of his class that one would like to see run out of town. But he also passesses the personal attraction of his humbler brethren. and that is why he so often adorns lecture platforms and high-priced pulpits.

The farmers and the fakirs meet next week. but many will meet again, perhaps, in the coming six weeks in all parts of Canada at every little township and fair the white-chokered fakir may perhaps also meet the farmer this winter on many a school house or town hall platform. TOUCHSTONE.

#### Music.

Some time ago I stated that I had heard that Mr. Cassitt had been appointed organist of Bond street Congregational church. From what I have since heard and seen I must conclude that I was misinformed. The presence in the city for a few days of Mr. J. Lewis Browne of Minneapolis and his excellent organ playing at that church on several occasions seem to me to indicate that the position will fall into his hands. Some of the principal members of the music committee when asked about the matter on Monday evening looked very wise and very proud, and one of them went so far as to mention an amount larger than is now paid to any city organist, as Mr. Browne's probable honorarium. Mr. Browne gave a private recital on Thursday afternoon had charge of the services on Sunday, and gave a public recital on Monday evening. church on the last occasion was completely filled and Mr. Browne's long programme was listened to with the greatest att bers receiving warm and unstinted applause. gravitate to Toronto and the streets fairly His selections were of course to some extent limited by the rather circumscribed scope of the instrument, the two overthe Egmont and Zampa, special sufferers from this cause. They were vell played, but not much could be attempted or done in the way of reproducing orchestral

The purely organ music played by Mr. Browne showed him to be possessed of an excellent technique, great readiness of resource as to combinations, and extremely good taste. He was especially satisfactory in his playing of Dubois Toccata in G, the well known Handel Largo, and Tours' Berceuse. Some of his numbers being played from piano score enabled his hearers to judge of his taste and readiness. His own concert variations on old St. Anne's tunes showed his scholarship and his ready extemporization on a theme handed in to him from the audience showed his intelligent mastery of the various musical forms introduced. Altogether, Mr. Browne will be an acquisition to our musical forces, if final arrangements are made between the church and him. Miss Maud Carter sang the Morning Hymn from Costa's Eli and Parker's Jerusalem very pleasingly, similar excellence attending the performance of the Jewel Song from Faust by Miss Maud Lane. Both young ladies were recalled and sang additional numbers.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck has returned from his Continental trip where he has been busy picking up new ideas and new music. He met the committee of the Toronto Vocal Society on Friday last, and a vigorous campaign of unaccompanied part singing may be expected. The Society's first rehearsal takes place on Monday, September 21.

There is a probability that the Harmony

Club will make an effort to begin its work in the early part of the season this year, instead of during its second half as heretofore. This would seem a wise policy as the members would be full of energy and enterprise, fresh from the summer's rest, instead of being tired and weary with the season's social functions.

METRONOME.

#### The Drama.



ten days I have seen one variety show and three variety farces, which are the same thing. This means that I have seen almost every conceivable way of kicking up the heels, whether mas

culine or feminine; that I have heard Irish talked in divers accents; that all the light musical clap-trap of the day must be running in my head, and also that I am loaded up with unholy gags, new and old. For instance, here is one I heard at some performance and which I have been industriously springing on my married friends ever since. "If marriages are made in Heaven, where do married men get all the brimstone?" In the privacy of my bedroom, too, I am tempted to emulate many of the dancers and high kickers, a desire which I manage to check. I suppose the reason of all this is that at the opening of the eason one is somewhat impressionable and is also indisposed to be critical. Since this is so it is wise for managers to rush in variety farce, if it must be, at the beginning of the season. Stuart Robson and other dramatic authorities have prophesied the death of the so-called farce before many moons, when its place will be taken by genuine refined farce of the class of Dr. Bill and Aunt Jack. Let us then be kind to variety farce in its last days, and though we would not prolong its life be patient with its failings from a dramatic standpoint.

Natural Gas is said on its programme to be the greatest of all shows of its kind, and this is not an exaggeration. Girard and Donnelly are inimitable themselves and they carry a first-class company with them. Their songs are new and the jokes fresh, and the dancing, not so much of it as usual, is good. The chief fault to be found with the performance was its great length, and the two choruses in costume; Belles of the Period and Sporty Boys Without a Cent could be omitted without detriment to the show. These choruses are decidedly conventional and inane, the costumes not beautiful, and in the case of the men, silly. They are said to be designed by Baron de Grim, and in looking at them one echoes the verdict of the critics on the baron's caricatures, that they "can't catch on." Mr. Donnelly in his work in the first act showed an ability which should shine in dramatic work of a higher plane. His unctuous stage presence makes him a host in himself. Mr. Girard in his facial expressions and physical agility was inimitable, while his voice and method of singing have established his popularity. His singing of He Winked the Other Eye brought down the house. His performance of Gooda Monk imitating all the actions of an organ grinder's monkey pronounce him to with the exception of Harry Dixey, the best mimic on the American stage. The singing and specialties of both principals in the second act were good in their kind, and the egg trick was most funny and curious. Miss May Howard suffered from a cold during the early part of the week, but her singing showed that she had a splendid voice when in good condition. Miss Kitty Kursale did some singing and pretty dancing, and puckered her lips so sweetly in the chorus of The Whistling Chinaman, as to merit a triple recall on Monday night. Neither must the excellent Irish comedy of Miss Annie Mack Berlein be neglected. Miss Berlein has a really funny personality, and she was very popular. The other young ladies were comely and well costumed. Mr. George Murphy, though apparently an Irishman, spoke a good German accent. His pathetic recitation was a welcome interlude to the rest of the performance and was well amuses and causes laughter will surely patrendered. By the way, pathetic resitations in a German accent seem to be getting popular. In Two Old Cronies last week Mr. Frank Wills also recited one. Two funny fellows were Mr. Pete Mack and Mr. Sagar Midgley, the former in burnt cork, and the latter in juvenile comedy. Mr. Wallace Black has transferred his splendid physique from the Dixey Company to Natural He principally appears at the end of the second act in the elongation scene, which, though he fulfills his part to the best of his ability, is altogether vulgar and "beastly" and should be dropped.

At the Academy last week another variety farce, entitled Two Old Cronies, was on. The performance was one at which you would heartily laugh, although if you were an octogenarian the jokes might recall boyhood's days. It would take such an archæologist as Mr. Baring-Gould to trace some of those gage back into the original Sanscrit. Some of the jokes were new, however, if there is anything new under the sun, and the cos-tuming was splendid. Miss Blanche Chapthe leading lady, was an agile dancer and a humorous singer. Miss Josie Domaine possessed a voice better than the average of variety companies. The wing dancing of Miss Crowell was well received and Miss Norma Wills was pleasing. The other young ladies were good-looking and sprightly. Mr Frank Wills spoke a good German accent. His pathetic recitation, spoken of above, was the best thing he did, and he was ably supported by his brother, Mr. John R. Wills. Mr. Montie Collins did some clever dancing and Mr. Frank Howard, formerly of the Sea King opera com pany, sang He Who Fights and Runs Away in a very acceptable manner.

Wing dancing seems to be the thing in dancing this season. Last week no less than three

companies introduced it as a feature of their performances at all three theaters. To those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of this dance, I may say that it is an ordinary dance danced as fast as the orchestra can play, the rest of the company keeping time by clapping their hands. The best performance of this kind was by Miss Lillian Ramsden of Hoss and Hoss. Hoss and Hoss was another variety success, although it is sometimes rather vulgar for, a Grand audience. The Spanish dancing of Miss Louise Allen was very fine, and at one performance she was re-called until she fainted. Miss Yohe is pleasing young lady with a fine contralto voice, and was well received. Her Italian lovesong was especially well rendered. The other young ladies were comely and sang well. Mr. Charlie Reed sang a burlesque on Comrades, the same one, by the way, that is being sung this week by Maggie Cline, with Tony Pastor. and by a Royal Midget at the Academy. Mesers. William Collier and Arthur Moulton were popular. It was a good company "all through.

The ever popular Tony Pastor was at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, and drew big houses. His songs were new and funny. Miss Maggie Cline also, got, great with her splendid Irish songs. Another good feature was the dancing of the La Blanche sisters. There were three of them and they gave a representation of the wicked Don Juan's breaking into a convent. An exceedingly pretty Miss La Blanche was the bold, bad man. and her two sisters represented school-girls, One of them, I do not know how to specify her unless by saying that she wore black underclothing and a rose-colored dress, did some truly wonderful kicking and a great deal of it. Though young and skittish she was truthful, and when Juan asked her what kind of a school this was, she replied by jumping up in the air and throwing out her toes in a wide-spreading swoop, six succes sive times. This was expressive and veracious. It was considerably that kind of a school. The Leonards, brother and sister, were clever, as were the Irish comedians Conroy and Fox. The show travels under its proper name and it is a really good one of its kind.

The Royal Midgets at the Academy are a company of L'liputians, all of whom are be tween forty and forty-three inches in height, except one who is a giant of forty-six inches They played a musical fantasy, founded on the immortal Gulliver's Travels. Admiral Dot, Major Doyle and Little Chip are quite well known in Toronto. The little men and women act intelligently and sang pleasantly. They were all good, Miss Jennie Quigley as Ludy Flumflap especially so. Her minuet with Admiral Dot was very pleasing. The half dozen adults were good, too. Miss Adelyne DeLorme as Mollie, Harry DeLorme as Gulliver, her lover, and Clement St. Martin as the pompous mayor, her father, were excel lent. There was also some graceful dancing by the diminutive Barrison sisters and a ballet artistically mounted.

At Tony Pastor's performance on Tuesday afternoon I noticed Mr. H. V. Donnelly (and his single-barrelled eye-glass) Mr. E. Girard, Miss May Howard and other young ladies of the company. They came as the guests of Mr

I had a pleasant chat the other day with Signor Pier Delasco, who last season supported Juch. Signor Delasco has been shooting and fishing near Penetang, and speaks very enthusiastically of northern Ontario. He also speaks hopefully of the coming season for grand opera. He will either travel with the Hess Opera Co., and support Minnie Hauk, or remain stationary in the San Francisco Stock Co., with the French tenor, Guille.

Next week at the Grand will be produced, ander the management of Mr. Herbert Sheppard, who is we'll known in Toronto, and the son of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, a comedy, or rather a true farce-comedy, entitled Dr. Bill. To readers of English and American papers this comedy is well known, although it has never pefore been acted in Toronto. The Chicago Journal says: "The first presentation here last night pleased the critical audience that filled the Columbia Theater so well that they will talk about it among their friends and thus start the wave of excitement to rolling. People who prefer seeing a performance that ronize this one. It has a roar in almost every sentence, a shout in every situation, and wild, unrestrained howl in every scene. Men and women seemed to let their risibilities have full play last night. They did not exactly fall off their seats, but such an array of red faces the result of unrestrained merriment, has seldom been witnessed." Murat Halstead, Dr. Fordyce Barker and General Sherman-all spoke of it in the highest terms, and the press are unanimous in its praises. A good company plays it, and for myself I expect a treat. As the general is pretty acute, I expect a large portion of it will be at the Grand with me on Monday night.

In the last act of Natural Gas a very artistic drop curtain, painted by Mr. Geo. Penson, adorns the proscenium. It was initiated on Monday night and is above the average of scene painting.

The well known Pearl of Pekin plays at the Academy next week. This afternoon Dowling & Hasson play the Red Spider at Jacobs & Sparrows. TOUCHSTONE.

Spurgeon's Wit.

Spurgeon's Wit.

One day, while dining at the house of a friend, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was heard to say that he had lived for three months on nothing but milk. This gave rise among the company to several questions as to what prevented him from eating solid food, from what compaint he was suffering, how his strength was maintained, what sort of milk was it, and in what quantity did he take it. After everyone scuriosity was fully aroused, Mr. Spurgeon, with a twinkle of fun in his dark eyes, said, "Ask my mother." Ask my mother.

The Best Authority. Young Husband—My dear Melanie, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad. Wife—All imagination; it says in the cookery-book that it tastes excellent!—Nehelspalter.

#### The Three Sketchers.

or Saturday Night. They sat on the sandy shore. With a huge umbrella above,
They turned their backs to the fickle sea, To talk of their mutual love. She sketched a rock, and he sketched her face And over and over they told The story we all have told some time The story that never grows old.

I felt a sort of a jealous pang. A cynic they say am I, With a heart as cold as a field of ice, But memories do not die; And I thought of another and sweeter face, And eyes with a light divine, Of a dimpled chin and ravishing lips That were once upturned to mi

And I hated the fellow, who seemed to parade His happiness there to me, And I noticed, somehow, the tide had turned, For I sketched a boat on the sea; But they neither heeded the wind nor tide That chilled me through and through, And I hated myself and the world beside, As evnical bachelors do.

I sprang up the cliff with an angry bound, One backward glance I gave, And the old umbrella was spinning around On the creet of a dancing wave. Forlorn and drenohed with the blinding spray, They were scrambling out to the shore, For Neptune quarrels with Cupid sometimes; The breakers swept on before.

I smiled a smile of malicious joy, For I am the meanest of men And he ordered pistols and coffee for two, For I sketched them there and then. EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

#### Ere the Sun Dies.

For Saturday Night.

Into the purple west The sun sinks low Over the ocean's breast The winds soft blow; Piercing the forest glade, The crimson gleam Slanting through walls of shade; A golden sheen

Love with the wine-dark eyes Come to me now, Ere yet the moon doth rise Whisper thy vow; Tell me that thou art mine E'en till death part, While the sun's last rays shine Pledge me thy heart.

Ah, if thou could'st but know Half that I feel ! Here where the wild flowers blow, Dearest, I kneel Low in the daisied grass. Longing for thee, While lonely breezes pass Out to the sea.

Love with the dusky hair Night cometh on Haste, for the day so fair Soon will be gone. See, even now the sun Dying, sinks low Come! ah, my dearest one,

I love thee so !

LAURIEN DARK.

#### An Invitation.

For Saturday Night. Tis sunset on the old mill stream, The lonely willows sigh ; And on the water, like a dream, The golden colors lie.

> And yonder empty, shatter'd house Shoots from its broken panes Reflective beauties, and from you Tall steeple glory flames.

Two snow-white awans glide gently past, Like spirits of the blest And many a graceful water-ring Now dots the glassy crest

'Tis twilight on the old mill stream, The lonely willows eigh:
And on the water, like a dream, The crimson colors die. The woodland symphonies are done,

Except that now and then A sleepy trill, or drowsy run Steals from the dark'ning glen.

Come forth, my lonely forest queen, The pearly gates of day Are closing, that thy starry sheen

#### My Sweetheart.

For Saturday Night. She is fair and bright, And her laughter light Is a thing that I dream of day and night. And her roguish face With its winsome grace Fills every nook and every part

And every inch of my anxious heart.

> So said a youth one day, He rode thro' the town With a world of love in his eyes of brown. I am young, I know, To be dreaming so,' And the long dark lashes trembled low, But the years are fleet And when next we meet I may lay my heart at her dainty feet." God bless the earnest face,

And the deep brown eyes Grown grave and wise With the dawn of a dream that never dies. And bless the heart That will never part With the first sweet love of his boyish days. Holding it, trusted and true, always.

#### In Dreamland.

For Saturday Night.

Oft in dreamland by the firelight My darling comes to me In the soft, sweet twilight, From o'er the deep blue sea And the music of his footstep

Is sweeter far to me. Than the melody of the linnet Or the robin in the lea. The door he opens softly,

Soon by my side he stands. His eyes meet mine so fondly With loving clasp of hands. And the starlight and the moonlight Have flooded all my room, Ere in dreamland by the firelight

My love's dear face were go

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#### Noted People.

George Haven Putnam has just received his cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government for his services in bringing about the enactment of an internationl copyright

Augustus Harris, a popular and successful manager of London theaters, has been knighted by the Queen. When he had absorbed enough box-office receipts to make him rich, he sought honors in politics, and last year became Sheriff of London.

The last thatched cottage of the olden time in London has been destroyed. It fronted on the Green at Shepherd's Bush, and there is good ground for believing that Myles Synderomb, the prime mover in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell, once lived in the house.

The copy of Horace which Longfellow used while a student at Bowdoin College sixtyeight years ago is preserved there as a sacred It bears not only the poet's signature, but also that of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who graduated at the college in 1824.

The Hon. Mrs. Craven who died in Paris recently was a remarkable woman in some respects. Although she wrote some excellent novels and earned name and fortune, she did not take up her pen until she was past threecore-and-ten, when the loss of her husband's fortune rendered it necessary that she should find some means of support,

The wife of the late Count von Moltke was an Englishwoman, the step-daughter of the marshal's sister. Notwithstanding the disparity of years, the marriage was an unusually happy one, and the count was deeply afflicted when his wife died, some years ago, and has mourned her death ever since. He caused a fine mausoleum to be built for her on his Silesian

SEABURY.

N DARR

Mrs. Harrison's artistic taste is conspicuously shown in the refurnishing of the two White House parlors. The East Room is radiant in white and gold with plush covering for the furniture of a deeper tint of gold. The walls of the Blue Room are hung with brocaded blue satin, and delicate blue brocaded curtains are at the windows. A deeper blue brocade velvet is used for the furniture, and the wood-work of the room is white, with artistic fretwork.

The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last King of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and sliver plate, while that used by Queen Victoria during the recent state visit of the German Emperor is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at the Hague, which includes two thousand silver dinner plates, is valued at \$6 500 000.

A good story is told of the love which Prime Minister Delyannis of Greece has for his dogs. He was crossing the Piræus on an English steamer some years ago when his pet dog fell overboard. He bagged the captain to stop the steamer and save the animal, but the Englishman replied that his orders were strict, and that he could not delay the ship even if a man instead of a dog were drowning. Delyannis at once jumped overboard and swam toward his pet, when the ship was stopped and both were

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Harrison, excellent sightseers as they are, appear to be richly enjoying their continental trip. In Vienna, where they were the guests of the United States Minister, Colonel Grant, and Mrs. Grant, they received many attentions, not only from their compatriots, but also from members of aristocratic Austrian society. In Baden-Baden, where they spent some days, they were the observed of all observers at the Reunion ball, to which the numerous attendance of Americans gave a special eclat. Both ladies will have much to relate on their return to Washington.

Algernan Swinburne, the poet, is small of stature, has a small mouth, a weak chin and prominent forehead, and is slightly deaf. His eyes are large, luminous and expressive, and his manner cordial and unaffected. He shares pleasant bachelor quarters with Theodore Watte, the painter and critic, with whom he takes long walks in the country, taking long strides with his eyes fixed on the ground. He iest weather, and is fond of distributing cakes and candles among the children whom he meets.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria wears the most ornate and costly raiment of any European sovereign. His costumes are usually ordered from Paris, and are extremely elegant. A late order was for a garment resembling a princess robe, made of electric-blue velvet, and lined with aoft surah silk over elder-down. This was trimmed with sparkling blue-beaded passementerie. With it was worn a silk shirt with point-lace ruffles, a brocaded silk sash, trowsers of old-rose brocade, cut after the Jenness-Miller pattern, blue stockings em-broidered in pink, and blue slippers. This costume is designed for wear at a morning con-

Joseph Skipsey, "the pitman poet of Northumberland," has resigned the custodianship of Shakespeare's birthplace. He succeeded the

was naturally a literary center, and it was during a visit to the Trollopes that George Eliot conceived the plot of the greatest of her novels—that work through whose pages the scenes, life and customs of old Florence are interwoven. She was here within a stone's throw of the monastery and cloisters of San Marco, that spot of surpassing interest with which the memory of Savonarola is so inseparably connected. There she could study his portrait, visit the cell in which he lived, and look upon the same beautiful frescoes and paintings which daily greeted his eye.

#### Snap Shots.

A SNAKE STORY.

fake" show manager, the chief attractions



OT many moons ago or very far away was a well known insurance man who lived in the land of the pine and hemlock. the Ottawa valley, and owned a store in one of the prominent thoroughfares in the usy little town. His lawyer having made the necesments, let it to a

being a giant, the tallest man on earth, a trick boa constrictor, a two-headed dwarf, a Circassian woman, "the only one born in captivity," and a Hindoo snake charmer whose name was Briggit Saughnessay. They opened up with a gorgeous display of Chinese lanterns and the town band, things boomed splendidly for a while, and the landlord never pressed for the rent. At last, when the landlord produced his bill for the money the manager could not produce the money, for the landlord's bill. The lawyer ordered the sheriff to go down and seize anything or every thing they could lay their hands on, menagerie, freaks and all. They were hardly in the building before an introduction was sought after by about twentytwo feet of snake that made a bee line for the sheriffs, who were almost scared out of their wits. They made a horrifled rush for the door to find it had been locked on them, and every moment seemed eternity as the boa gained ground. One of them with a terrifled and frantic cry, like a lost soul, made one gigantic leap and went crash through the plate glass into the street; the other sheriff, in the words of Goldsmith, remained to pray. The boa being monarch of all he surveyed was having a high old time with the terribly scared and fainting sheriff. At last the snake charmer appeared on the scene while the festive little game of tag was in progress, and sent his royal highness, the "constrictor," "like the prodigal son," back to the old homestead. The manager advertised to feed him every day at 3:30 p.m., and placed in his cage pigeons one day, and rabbits the next. Although numbers put up their ducats to see the reptile gorge, Mr. Boa had a quaint little joke at their expense, for he never touched either pigeons or rabbits during the months he was there.

A few of the boys were standing in the curb the other day near the Dominion Bank when some Hamilton farmers, at least I believe they were, came up Yonge street from the boat, and enquired where it was possible to get a good square meal for a quarter. Board the car gentlemen and ask the conductor to let you off at the "Rossin House." Ye gods!!! they wept.

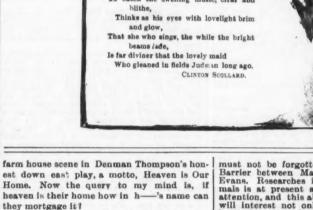
Mr. Hank and Silas, from county of Bruce, were in town to see the Exposition and have a jolly good time, and when walking on the south side of King street, in front of them was a very stout woman.

'Silas, that kind o' makes me kac'late." "What's that, Hank?"

"It makes me kac'late she would make a kind mother, do a mighty sight o' washing and a powerful lot o' churning."

Now is the time that picnics, sandwiches, soda water, green apples and sea baths are laid on the shelf. The theaters open with renewed splendor and marked prosperity, and mosquitos no longer warble their evening hymns. Speaknever carries an umbrella, even in the storm- ing about these midnight minatrels, I was gathering wild everlastings, golden rod and thimble berries last Tuesday, when I overheard some one remark that he never was bitten by mosquitos; in fact, they wouldn't touch him. Strange to say, he was the only one that was pestered at all badly. This reminds me of the man who could swim like a Beckwith in winter and skate like a Rubinstein in summer

> Two well known gentlemen were seated at a table in a Glasgow hotel, and made up their minds to have considerable fun out of a highly respectable and particularly clerical-looking old man at the other end of the table. They requested him kindly to say grace before meat, as they had always been in the habit of it at home, having been brought up on oatmeal cake and the shorter catechism. He never paid the slightest attention to them, but drove his knife and fork clean out of sight in the beefsteak in front of him, and started to thoroughly enjoy himself. When one of them, repeated their desired



There is a story related of J. C. Forbes, who is in the Mother Country with a commission to paint the "Grand Old Man," and who, by the way, has had three sittings, and who is probably better known to fame through his picture the Wreck of the Hibernia, hung at the Centennial Exhibition. He was one of the few assengers saved from that memorable tragedy in mid ocean, but unfortunately fire has destroyed it. A few summers ago he was taking vacation with J. A. Frazer, R.C.A., and some other artists, in the Rocky Mountains. While there he made a study of the Selkirk Range, in which

The monarch Rocky Mountain pines were covered o'er with dew-

Sigantic hills all snow-betopped rose up in distant view. His confreres pronounced it a thorough uccess, congratulating him on the correct contours and superb coloring. He invited them some months later to a private view. The picture was there, but none could recognize it. One of them innocently remarked: "By Jove, Forbes, where is that magnificently colored sketch of the Selkirks gone?" "To the d-l, dear boy!" "I am extremely sorry old fellow, for I had expected that to be your best picture this year, but preishing it "later on." Moral :

More than half the art Is knowing when to stop.

The Luxembourg Conservatory of Paris is rich in rare plants, and classes are held there for the study of botany. It contains a magnificent collection of agalias, palms, caeti and other exotic plants for the decoration of the public gardens, or to be used during fete days. The head gardener is noted the world over for his flora, and has cultivated flowers so long that blossoms come out on his nose.

Oh, gentle and gazelle-eyed reader, you

Well-that's-what it is.

#### Books and Magazines.

Interference, by Mrs. B. M. Croker, the author of Diana Barrington, is issued by William Bryce. It is a sprightly story of Irish life. William Bryce, Toronto; 50 cents.

of Shakespear's birthplace. He succeeded the Chataway sisters in June, 1887, and is now directly the properties of the setting and the continued of the continu

must not be forgotten, namely, Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast, by E. P. Evans. Researches into the language of animals is at present attracting a good deal of attention, and this able paper on the subject will interest not only the specialist, but the lover of the marvelous.

Carolotta's Intended is the title of the complete novel in the September Lippincott's. Its author, Ruth McEnery Stuart, is well known as the contributor of many clever stories to the leading magazines. This is a story of New Orleans life in the Italian quarter. Julia Marlowe, the brilliant young actress, has won for herself a foremost place upon the American stage. Alfred Stoddart writes appreciatively of her and an excellent picture of Miss Marlowe serves as a frontispiece to the number. William S. Walsh writes an entertaining article on Real People in Fiction. He tells of the difficulties into which many prominent authors have gotten themselves by putting real people in their books. Among other articles to be noted are a clever skit by Eigar Fawcett, entitled His Majesty the Average Reader, and The Days That are to Be, a dip into the future, by J. K. Wetherill. Notable among the poems in this number is No Tears for Dead Love, by the late Philip Bourke Marston. There are other poems by Clinton Scollard, Lousie Imogen Guiney, Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, Charles Morris, Bessie Chandler, Susanna Massey, Douglas Sladen, and William Rice Sima.

Scribner's is so widely read as to need but little comment. The September number contains a long instalment of Stevenson's striking story, The Wrecker. Another well illustrated article is A China Hunter in New England. Andrew Lang contributes a delightful article on Adventures Among Books. The short stories and other articles, together with The Point of View, are splendid.

In the September Cosmopolitan Amelie Rives doles out more of her literary slops. The remainder of the magazine is good however and well illustrated, Society Women in Literature being the best article. Though a "woman's number" the only writings worth preserving are those in the editorial departments, which are by men.—Brander Matthews. Murat Halstead and Everett E. Hale—and are excellent.

Some Curious Newspapers.

A paper virtually published among the clouds is one of the curiosities of American journalism. On the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak of New England, an enterprising printer has established an office from which he periodhas established an office from which he periodically issues a newspaper named, with much truth, Among the Clouds. Every year from 10,000 to 20,000 persons climb the mountain to explore its beauties, and watch the glowing effects of the setting sun. By these tourists the paper is eagerly purchased as a memento of their visit.

chiefs. The climax of astonishment was reached when the Teuton purchased a newspaper formed of a porous plaster! He went on to relate that three publishers defy competition by having their subscribers photographed yearly, several give their subscribers free burial, five invite them to a dinner once a month, and 260 provide them with medical advice!

month, and 260 provide them with medical advice!

Love was the title of a little sheet which issued some time ago from a provincial printing-office. To "unite hearts with but one thought" was the praiseworthy mission on which it embarked, and its first number breathed tender messages from sighing maidens to lonely bachelors. As a married couple cannot, however, subsist on love and kisses, so Cupid's advertiser famished and died for lack of more nourishing sustenance.

Amongst recent novelties that of a newspaper printed on the web of the sacred white spider of China is chronicled. It is a sheet about eleven inches by fourteen inches, contains two columns of matter, including an English story, and is excellently printed.

The same country boasts the possession of the smallest, and, at the same time, the oldest established newspaper in the world. It is

the smallest, and, at the same time, the oldest established newspaper in the world. It is known as the *Pekin Gazette*. It consists of a few leaves of dainty rice paper sewn into yellow covers. This little journal has recorded the chief events in the Flowery Land for nearly a thousand years.



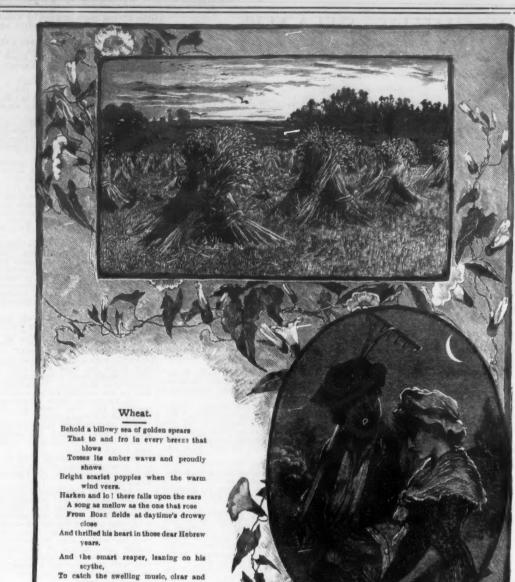
"Confound those flies! Why can't they leave me alone and get on that fly paper?"



"I'll fix them. Just watch me fool them !"



"Ha! ha! How is this?"



## A CRUEL SHAME.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Author of "A Good Hater," " Treasure of Thorburns," "Her Evil Genius," Etc., Elc.

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"You misunderstand! I didn't object to the S sterhood, nor to the dress. It becomes Marian. She looked like a darling little brown ghost of her grandmother. But it is not a costume which suggests matrimony."

"My dear Dick! You have been away five years; you landed yesterday; you meet my sister this morning, and you expect to see her in a dress suggesting matrimony! Why, nothing has been said to her upon the subject, so far as I know. If she is aware that the family hope you will make a match, it can only be through the instinct which warns a girl of suc't things."

"Well, Marian is warned somehow—I saw it in her manner. If, as you say, the Sisterhood does not object to marriage in the abstract, she has already decided that I am not good enough."

nough."
"That may be so, I admit. But if you have really fallen in love, justify yourself. Take a district; read to the old paupers; preside at tea meetings, and all that.
"I couldn't, and I won't try—even for Marian! A gentleman may do anything in honor to win the girl he loves, but he may not play the hypogrifts."

the girl he loves, but he may not play the hypocrite."

"Well, then, play your natural role as a distinguished young soldier, and trust to that. Mind you, I don't believe my sister is different from other good girls—a little better than the average, perhaps, but the same at heart. She admires courage and a gallant bearing as much as any. When the news of your Victoria Cross came, your mother was scarcely more

as any. When the news of your Victoria Cross came, your mother was scarcely more proud.

"I fear that's another thing. Now, Clem, I'm quite convinced it would be no use to pay regular attentions, when I have only three months' leave. The matter stands thus: your sister knows that everyone wishes us to marry. She likes me—I am tolerably sure of that, because she used to do, and nothing has occurred to change her feelings. But it's equally certain to me that I have not the slightest chance of carrying a wife back to India."

"Did you expect to do so?" Clem laughed.

"No, but I ask a fair field, since I cannot hope for favor, and I count on you to secure it for me without delay—we have not a moment to waste. Speak to Marian frankly to night, as a brother can. Tell her I'm in love—oh, put that as strongly as you're able!—that the general and everybody approves, and, in short, observe how she takes it. Then I may be able to form a plan of campaign."

"I f-ar you're putting too much confidence in my shrewdaeas, out I'll do my best."

It is necessary to introduce these young people in briefest form. Dick and his brother, with whom we have little to do, represented the elder branch of the Mathers family, which had failen from its proper place, while the younger, represented by General Mathers, had prospered exceedingly. He was rich, and his daughter, Marian, would inherit her mother's great wealth in coming of age. All the family inclined to think this a special dispensation, providentially concerted to restore the elder branch to its due rank in the world. The cousins must marry. When Dick grew into a very handsome youth, as lovable as good-looking, one whom any girl might fancy and any

providentially concerted to restore the elder branch to its due rank in the world. The cousins must marry. When Dick grew into a very handsome youth, as lovable as good-looking, one whom any girl might fancy and any parent must approve, the scheme of Providence became visible to all the clan of Mathers.

Marian was not essentially a devout girl, but at an early age she began to ask why such wealth had been heaped on her while millions of her fellow creatures lacked bread. Her father, the general, discussed this problem patiently, remembering that this same thought had perplexed him when young; but he could offer no solution. She was not checked, therefore, but rather encouraged, in her first effort to show herself worthy of the blessings showered on her. When those efforts culminated in a proposal to join the Sisterhood, it was a shock; but after a conference with the director, which began sternly, and ended with an invitation to lunch, the general submitted. This Sisterhood did not set its face against marriage. And Dirk was in India.

But the work assigned to Marian did not And Dick was in India.

riage. And Di k was in India.

But the work assigned to Marian did not satisfy her tender conscience. She felt that the easiest tasks, the least unpleasant duties were assigned to her. Heart breaking wretchedness he dally saw, and dreadful possibilities were suggested hourly; but the horrible realities, as she perceived, were always kept from her view.

wiew.

This irritated the poor girl, though she knew it was not only kind, but prudent. They spared her because she was sillily good looking, and soft, and childlish, whilst these luxurious characteristics also made part of the debt which she ought to pay.

Love and marriage could not enter her head wader auch circumstances. She understood

Love and marriage could not enter her head under such circumstances. She understood the wish of the family, but she never gave it a thought—not even when Dick's visit on leave was announced. They had been the warmest friends as children, but of late her sympathies had turned to Fred, his brother, for he was in trouble; but sympathy, in this case, had no kinship with lova. Fred also was in the service, and he made the general's house his home in London, while quartered at Aldershot. But presently disagreements arose, such as are not confided to a young girl. And presently Fred was forbidden the house. Marian's pitiful heart followed him. Thus the opening scene of my story will be understood.

Dick dined with his uncle that night, of course, and excelled himself to please. Marian lived on toast and tea, but she sat through the entertainment, and showed appreciation of his efforts. Her pretty eyes beamed, and her laugh, gentle but full of fun, was encouraging. Clement followed his sister when she withdrew to her boudoir, which was almost as bare as one of those respectable garrets which her Mother Superior allowed her to visit.

"I think we have every reason to be proud of Dick," he began, clumsily enough. "Any girl might fall in love with him. Don't yeu think so."

"Yes," Marian answered quietly. "I should think so."

think so."

"Bless me! Well, he is prepared to meet you much more than half-way."

"Clem! I did not refer to myself."

"But you're a girl."

"I'm a Sister."

"Dick calls you an angel, but in this house we have been used to regard you as a dear little human being. Under that impression, however, he has fallen desperately in love, and we shall

all be glad to hear—in due time! in due time!—
that you accept him."

"I'm sorry to bear that he is desperate, in
one sense." Marian replied, laughing and
blushing, "but in another it is fortunate. The
poor fellow will not be disappointed. There,
dear, that will do!"

"But think of our wishes, darling. Of course,
you are as free as a bird, but allow us to argue.
Surely Dick fuifills your ideal of a lover—in fact
you have admitted as much. He is the head of
the famil', and you can make him rich enough
to sustain the position."

"I wish I could! I wish I could give him
everything I possess, for I'm sure he would
make a good use of it. Too much has been
granted me! Oh, Clem, how happy I should
be to hand over all my fortune to some good,
beautiful girl who loved Dick, and would make
him happy!"

"That's magnificently generous," said her

him happy!"
"That's magnificently generous," said her brother, puzzling. "But if you entertain such a high opinion of Dick, why not take him your-

a high opinion of Dick, why not take firm your-self?"
"I haven't put it right," she cried, blushing crimson. "I mean that—that," but the ex-planation did not come, and in her angry con-fusion her eyes filled.
"There, there!" said Clement, soothingly.
"You shall tell me what you meant another time."

"You shall tell me what you meant another time,"
"It mean that I can't and won't marry Dick."
"It shall be as you like, dear." And he kissed her with grave tenderness, reserving a broad grin for the dining room.
"You're right and you're wrong, Dick," Clement exclaimed, rejoining the others. "She knew that we want her to marry you, but she would rather transfer that happiness, together with all her fortune, to some poor girl who is more worthy of it." And he told what had passed."
The father and brother, who were used to

The father and brother, who were used to

The father and brother, who were used to hearing Marian's conscientious scruples, understood at once, and laughed heartily; but Dick required an explanation. When he grasped the state of things, however, it did not seem humorous to him.

"But, sir, your daughter is obstinate in her pretty soft way, isn't she? Whatever the motive may be, her declaration is emphatic—I can't and I won't marry him! And I have only three months before me! From what I recollect of Marian as a child, the prospect seems desperate—unless I quitted the service."

"Don't speak of that!" exclaimed the general, steroly. "The man who could think of resigning his commission for the sake of a girl could not dare to ask for a daughter of mine!"

"I had not thought of it, air. Now, taking

of resigning its comming to the service."

"I had not thought of it, sir. Now, taking the circumstances as they are, what is to be done? Marian does not even go about. I shall scarcely find an opportunity to see her except at meal times."

"Follow her into the slums, as I said before"
"That would be more degrading than to quit the service." They sat silent awhile.

Said the general at length: "The silly child thinks that she ought not to take a husband who would make her happy, in addition to so many other luxuries which have been bestowed on her unworthiness. "What a pity it is, Dick, that you didn't lose a leg or something when you got the V.C."

"I catch the idea, sir. Marian would have felt it a duty to accept a man so horribly mutilated that no girl could look a him without a shudder!"
"Lack Carruthers made a desperately good

"Jack Carruthers made a desperately good thing out of the loss of his arm in winning the Cross, they say. Lady Bell Carew had refused him half a dozen times before that."

"Then there you are, Dick! Have your arm

off to morrow!"
"H'm! We have always to reckon with time. I couldn't lose an arm, be nursed, make love, recover, and be married in three months. Marian has too much sense to be taken in by

"But I didn't mean a trick! Do it in reality.

"But I didn't mean a trick! Do it in reality, like a hero."

"That would be a case for court martial, eh, sir!" he asked the general, laughing.

"Most decidedly. A soldier's limbs belong to the Queen. I can only recommend you to live on pills, Dick, and cultivate a secret sorrow, make Marian feel though your body is sound, your mind requires the most careful nursing. Well, I'm going to the Senior."

They all left the house. An hour later Clement was interrupted in a game of pool, at his club, by the announcement of Mr. Mathers.

"Come to my quarters," said D'ck, in still excitement. "I have a notion!" Goodhumoredly confounding the unreason of lovers, Clement followed.

"How does Marian feel towards my brother Fred?"

Fred ?"
"What the deuce has that to do with it? She

"What the deuce has that to do with it? She likes him, and she was badly cut up when the governor refused to see him. Fred was falling into a habit of drink, you know, but they tell me he's quite cured. Marian writes to him, I believe."

"That's good. He has her sympathy to begin with. Now, see this note, which I found waiting for me. After congratulations on my safe arrival and so forth, Fred hints some frightful misfortune, which may bring him to town

arrival and so forth, Fred hints some frightful misfortune, which may bring him to town shortly. I guess what it is, and I'll send the beggar some cash to-morrow. Take his letter and show it to Marian. She will naturally believe that something awful has happened, or is going to happen, to Fred, and her tender little heart will be deeply moved."

"Well, how is that to help you?"

"I have thought it all over. You will tell one fib for me? Say I have gone to Ireland, in great alarm about my brother, whose eyes have been troubling him for some time past. Tomorrow, or next day, I call. Do you begin to see?"

"Not a bit."
I call as Fred—we are sufficiently alike, if I shave and make up a little. I have come to town, almost blind, to take advice, and I must have passed brother Dick on the road—"Oh, this is carrying romance too far! The governor would never consent. Besides, Fred is forbidden to call."
"But the general would not insist on that

is forbidden to call."

"But the general would not insist on that prohibition under the supposed circumstances. Don't you see how conveniently it all works in? We must take your father into our confidence, of course—I would not act without his approval. But he might well decline to see Fred himself. I would call in the hours when he is not at home. You also must not meet me. But all this is detail to be arranged in a moment, if

I would call in the hours when he is not at home. You also must not meet me. But all this is detail, to be arranged in a moment, if the general does not forbid my little comedy. Let us go and ask him now?"
Clement thought awhile, and laughed and rose. "You hope to touch Marian with your bilindness, to gain her heart as Fred, and then to confess? Well, if the governor does not object I see no harm in it. But, Dick, you'll have a lively quart d'heure when you avow the swindle!"
"I see tha', and the prospect is uncomfortable. But at the worst I shall only be as badly off as I am now—that is, hopeless. Come along."
General Mathers was just leaving the Senior.

along."

General Mathers was just leaving the Senior, and he proposed to stroll homeward. The brilliant moonlight recalled adventures of Indian warfare, which he narrated at length, and they had almost reached Eston square before Dick found an opportunity to broach his schame.

scheme.

Like many old soldiers hardened on the field, General Mathers was boyishly sentimental. He chuckled, roared, consented with enthusiasm, and discussed details. Not till his band was on the bell did it occur to him that no

little fibing must be done by somebody. But when Dick solemnly engaged to undertake it, all his equanimity returned.

But Clement could not escape a share. When his sister read the note next day her pitiful little heart fluttered. Oh, I knew something dreadful would happen to us soon! What does Fred mean?

"Dick fancies his eyes are bad."

"Oh, Clem! It's worse than fancy—your face tells me! Will Dick go to him?"

"He has gone. Toat's why he sent you the letter."

"He has gone. Take's why he sent you the letter."

"And poor Fred is in those dull barracks, when I should be so glad to have him here and nurse him! Surely papa will forgive him now! Does he know? I will go and entreat him to let me send an invitation."

This would never do. The general was distincily unprepared to play an active part.

"Let me speak to the governor, darling. I feel quite sure he would allow you to see Fred if he comes to London, as he proposes. I will arrange that. But don't ask too much at once. Du't speak to the governor upon the subject, if you will take my advice."

"But Clem! I can't see Fred without permission."

mission."
Now, Dick, thoughtfully reviewing his plot, had remarked the probability that this hitch would arise, and at the same moment the butler brought a note, addressed in a vague and laborious handwriting, to Marian. It was from "Fred," begging an interview, and it enclosed another to Clement, entreating his influence with the general. Marian burst into tears.

closed another to Clement, entreating his influence with the general. Marian burst into
tears,
"Oh, see! He has arrived, and his poor
oyes are so bad he can hardly write!"
"It's a confounded shame!" cried Clement.
"But I'm in for it, I suppose! Yes, dear! I'll
speak to the Governor at once!" He returned
presently with a message that the general was
very sorry to hear of Fred's misfortune.
Marian might receive her cousia. He himself
would wait and see. Meanwhile he did not
wish to hear anything whatever on the subject.
"Oh, I could not have believed paps was so
hard-hearted! You told me yourself that
Fred's offence was a trifle!"
"Old soldiers have fancies sometimes, dear.
But he has granted the essential point.
Humor him by avoiding all reference to the
poor fellow's visit."
Marian had her district work to do, but she
held herself excused by this emergency. And
in the early afternoon, Mr. Frederick Mathers
was announced.
She had not seen him for three years, and a

in the early atternoon, Mr. Freuerick Sattlets was announced.

She had not seen him for three years, and a certain change might be expected. He had grown much more like Dick, yet strangely different. What struck her painfully was the unnatural color of his cheeks—as well it might; Mr. Truefitt's clever artificers had done their best, but when a man whose face is burnt by Indian suns shaves off his beard, the result must needs be extraordinary. Staring at her full, with eyes that had a dreadful vagueness, as Marian thought, he said, "Is that you, cousin?"

cousin? "Yes, dear, darling Fred!" she ran swiftly to him and caught his hand, while her pretty eyes overflowed. "Is this true then? Oh, what a terrible misfortune! Let me lead you, dear!"

what a terrible misfortune! Let me lead you, dear!"

Dick had to resist many such temptations afterwards, but no one so keen as this. All his body flashed with shame to be deceiving such a sweet, innocent girl. Had Marian looked up he must have betrayed himself. But her head was bent, and, looking from above, he saw only the crown of her grotesque bonnet, for she had arranged herself conscientiously to go out so soon as the interview ended. Dick's sense of the humorous was keen, and whenever afterwards the inclination to confess became urgent, he recalled that absurd spectacle and triumphed. After all, it was a harmless comedy, in which his happiness depended—and Marian's too, pra'se Heaven!

She led him to a sofa, holding his hand

Marian's too, praise Heaven!

She led him to a sofa, holding his hand tenderly. "You have come to London for advice? That's right. Dick started this morning to see you. Oh, to think that we should meet again like this, Fred!"

"But you must not exaggerate, dear! Our regimental doctor feels certain there's nothing radically wrong. If I can keep up my nerve, not worry or talk of this weakness, it will pass. So let us not mention it more than we can help. The general knows of my call?"

"Oh, yes! but—" she paused.
"But he does not care to see me? Well, dear, though I b tterly regret the cause, I am not sorry altogether. It is painful to be pitled by men. The general allows me to see you sometimes?"

"How very like Dick's your volce has grown!

ometimes:
" How very like Dick's your voice has grown!
If course you mean to consult the best authori-

"How very like Dick's your voice has grown!
Of course you mean to consult the best authorities? Mr. Powell, our director, was the first
coulist in England before he joined the church.
Unfortunately, he is not in town."

"Yes, that's unfortunate. These specialists
are jealous, I believe, and Dr. Molyneux will
be offended if I consult your director on his return. Now tell me about my brother. Is he a
good fellow?"

"I hope so—iddeed, I believe so. Butrather

turn. Now tell me about my brother. Is he a good fellow?"

"I hope so—indeed, I believe so. Butrather worldly. You, Fred, under this dreadful affliction, must turn—"

"But you don't think badly of Dick?"

"Not at all! He is a fine young soldier, and—and very amusing."

'Is he? I must try to be amusing too. Clutterbuck, our doctor, says I ought to keep up my spirlis before anything, and I mean to—but it's hard sometimes."

"Poor Fred—Oh, poor, poor Fred!" She clasped his hand with such loving plty, and her sweet face quivered so, that in self defence, to hide his guilty looks, Dick drew her towards him and kissed her, feeling like a thief the while.

while.
"I've been reckoning on my good little cousin to cheer me up," he said, rather hearsely. She had given him no k'ss the day before. "May I

bad given him no k'ss the day before. "May I call every afternoon?"

"Oh, I must not see you again without papa's express permission."

"Then ask it, darling. He cannot refuse it—no human being could."

"I will! Now, dear Fred, we won't refer to your illness again; but just tell me how it arose, and the symptoms. I will report to our director, and get his opinion."

The man who plays such a game as this cannot foresee all the chances. Dick hal posted himself up in the principles of ophthalmic disease, and had chosen a case recorded which might answer his purpose. But when Marlau produced a notebook, and began jotting down the heads of his report with the judgment which experience of nursing gives, he became alarmed.

"Pray do not consult Mr. Powell, dear. If

which experience of nursing gives, he became alarmed.

"Pray do not consult Mr. Powell, dear. If his opinion differs from that of Dr. Molyneux I should be sadly embarrassed, which could not fail to be injurious. Let us drop this misery, and talk of pleasant things. You agree?"

"With all my heart, poor Fred. How brave you are! There is a higher and nobler courage than that which they rewarded with the Victoria Cross."

"It is another reward which I hope to win.
Now tell me all about yourself, and the Sister-hood, and everything."
So they chatted merrily but with an under-

tone of petting and compassion on her side which stirred Dick's conscience painfully, though it promised success. He vowed once more that if the trick served his turn, that first

more that if the trick served his turn, that first reproach which must be expected when the truth came out should be the only one Marian addressed to him so long as life endured.

Fred's face haunted her, and his brave pleasant voice rang in her cars henceforward, as she went her round of duty. Both became familiar. For the general, after a long and—on his side—rather warm argument with Dick, consented to recognize the fraud in some measure. And so soon as Marian, perching on his knee after dinner, began to plead, he met her half way.

"My dear, it's quite true that your cousin's offences were not disgraceful. But they belonged to the class which begin with youthful folly, and end as years go on—anywhere. Fred's trouble touches me deeply, but he will



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"Oh, papa! Oh, I am so rejoiced! How do you know?"

"En? Taese matters are reported to the Horse Guards, of course. As I was saying it does not shem judicious that I should receive Fred until he has quite certainly outgrown his weakness. But I have no objection to his visiting you—quite the reverse! Cheer him up, my dear! Sustain his courage in every way. Don't let him grow down-hearted, but stretch a point if necessary." Marian had not the least idea what this remark could mean, and she paid no attention.

let him grow down-hearted, but stretch a point if necessary." Marian had not the least idea what this remark could mean, and she paid no attention.

S) Dick called every day, at a fixed hour, week after week, from that time. Many little things happened, naturally, that seemed curious-brief forgetfulness of his state, allusions to India, oblivion of small incidents known to Fred. But he was quick to note a slip, and shrewd to explain it away with an unconscious air. A girl much more ready to suspect would not have attached importance to such details, though they were odd at the time. They talked with the freedom of cousins, but with a certain tenderness arising from the shadow of Fred's great danger. In a very short time he began to make love—in three months' leave every hour must be counted. Marian was aware of the change. It did not displease her. If the poor dear fellow should really become blind—she loved him now, and she would marry him with delight. But how would papa regard it? Clement said he wished her to marry Dick. But Dick had gone off—he never returned from Ireland after missing his brother, nor intended to do so, apparently, until he came to bid good-bye. And then she remembered that curious expression of papa's—that "she must strain a point, if necessary," to keep up Fred's spirit. What could that signify, unless to accord him a hope, at least? Dick had fied in despair; the family perhaps had transferred its good wishes to his brother. So the love-making went on, unchecked, but it was distant and timid, of course. A man threatened with blindness cannot seriously engage in courtship.

During the whole comedy no real hitch occurred, from the moment of its inception until the crash. It is to be remembered that Marian never "went out." Dick might go anywhere and do anything in propria persona, west of Regent street, if he took care to avoid her path, as she left home, and returned, at fixed hours. Indeed, he could never have formed such a wild plot had Marian led the life of other girls.

But though n

lessly. Marian became puzzled and alarmed. Her director was still absent—she longed for his return.

Thus two months passed, and it was absolutely necessary to concert the denouement, but none could Dick find which satisfied him a bit. Though modestly assured of his cousin's love—for Fred, threatened with blindness—the revelation of the truth would be a perilous ahock indeed. Another week went by, and another, but a fortnight remained. Dick grew pale with dread and sleeplessness. He begged Clement and the general to relieve him of this awful duty, and Marian was proportionately distressed. They vehemently declined.

But Fate came to the rescue with a vengeance. Father Powell returned, and forthwith Marian confided her anxieties to him. He saw it must be an unprecedented case, and old interests were stirred. Without delay he called on Dr. Molyneux, a former friend, who was much surprised at the inquiry. He had no acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Mathers, of the Rayal Shannon Ragiment, but Mr. Richard Mathers, V.C., he had often met lately, a pleasant, funny fellow, who showed much curiosity about diseases of the eye. 'I have misunderstood Sister Marian somehow,' thought the director, and he went to another of the specialists whom Dick had named, receiving the same answer there. Roused now to suspicion, he tried a third with the like result, And then as luck would have it, he mat the general in Pall Mail, and told him these odd circumstances.

the like result. And then as luck would have it, he met the general in Pall Mall, and told him these odd circumstances.

The veteran did not think it fitting that a spiritual adviser, however agreeable personally, should meddle in his family affairs. Brusquely he told Mr. Powell to mind his own business, and that gentleman, after pondering, decided that it was his business to let Sister Marian know this strange state of things. And he wrote at length.

Before the letter came to hand another incldent arose. This was Saturday. Dick had warned her that he would not pay his call till late in the afternoon, and accordingly Marian started upon one of her charitable missions. As she left the house a country aunt, whom she had not seen for months, drove up.

"I'm going to take you to the theater." cried Mrs. Beauchamp, after embraces. "Off with that hideous and ridiculous disguise, and show us the pretty girl of the period which heaven made you."

"Oh, aunt! I cannot go to the theater."

"Oh niece! I say you shall! Where's the general?"

"At lunch. It is quite impossible, dear, Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Beauchamp was an imperious dame of

"At lunch. It is quite impossible, dear, Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Beauchamp was an imperious dame of large fortune. She seized Marian and dragged her into the dining-room.
"I'm going to take my niece to see Miss Mary Anderson, Philip. I've heard of her extravagances, and I mean to put a stop to them."

them."
"Do, Mary, but there's no need to bully Clem or me. You have all our sympathies."
"But I musn't, papa!" Marian exclaimed, almost crying.

"Fiddle-dee-dee! Wouldn't you like to see
Mary Anderson?"

"Yes-but--"

"Yes—but—"
"You shall! I suppose she has some dresses
fit for a girl in our p sition, Philip? Go and
put one on, child!"
"Go, go, dear, for Heaven's sake!" cried the

general.

Mrs. Beauchamp seiz d her again, carried her upstairs in a whirl, and presently drove off with her, tearful, but not ungracefully sub-

missive.

It was Miss Anderson's first matinee in a new character, and the house was crowded. When Marian had so far overcome her agitation as to look about, she recognized Fred in the stalls, sitting between two bronzed warriors of his own age—evidently Fred, not Dick

with his beard shaved off! She could not make a mistake. The girl shrank back and watched. It was quite clear he could see—see as well as a man need. His eyes were as keen as a hawk's. The comrades with him showed nothing of that readiness to point out and explain and describe which they would naturally have felt had his sight been impaired. He had recovered then, but to keep up his interest he concealed the fact. It was wicked, dishonest, unmanly!

unmanly!

Mrs. Beauchamp found her niece very dull, and vowed she would stop in town for the mere purpose of restoring her to a civilized frame of mind. As Marian re-entered the





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house Father Powell's letter was handed to her. She read it with the aid of this new light, but the situation was still incomprehen-sible. The point, however, stood forth clearly -Fred was a greater cheat even than she had tender\_ especially

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-Fred was a greater cheat even than she had supposed.

At the same moment he entered. Marian was still arrayed in the costume which Aunt Mary thought fitting for a girl in her position.

"Why—why!" he cried in astonishment.

"What miracle is this?"

"For a girl to change her dress is no miracle, but for the blind to see—— No! Don't load your conscience with more faisehoods, Frad. You have been practicing a shameful deception, and your brother has been helping you. Why?"

"Be cause I love you, Marian, and there was no other means to win you in the time I had."

"Whatever the time was you have wasted it. Good-bye, Mr. Mathers!—I say good-bye, sir! There is no need of words. I ask no explanation!"

planation!"
Dick had too much sense to persist thee. He retired in silence, with a long, sad look, and Marian threw herself upon the sofa in a passion

Dick had too much sense to persist thee. He retired in silence, with a long, sad look, and Marian threw herself upon the sofa in a passion of tears.

Before leaving the house Dick told his uncle what had occurred. Desperately angry was General Mathers. When respectfully reminded that he himself had countenanced the fraud, his ingenuity was at no loss for justification. It was not the beginning he blamed, nor the middle, but the end. How could a sane man engage in such a plot, compromising all around him, before he saw his way clearly out of it? So warm grew the old gentleman, urged by a guilty conscience, that Dick had real cause for offence. He withdrew, and did not return.

Clement was from home, and when he received Dick's letter urging him to mediate, and describing his father's rage, he felt no inclination to come back. Thus the general and Marian were left face to face, and both sulked. Not a word upon this subject passed between them, but it is understood that they saw less of each other than parent and child usually do. As for Mrs. Beauchamp, she called in vain; Marian would not go out, and the general would not interfere. Curiously enough, however, the young girl's zeal for good works began to cool. She gave up her District upon the ground, not unreasonable, that Fred might waylay her. But from that afternoon she had abandoned the costume of the Sisterhood. And Father Powell did not yet think it necessary to call at a house where he probably would not be welcomed by the master.

Dick wrote again and again, but his letters lay unopened on her table. And the day of departure drew very near.

At length Clement returned, and he, as a brother will, charged into the thickest of the complication forthwith. Such vigorous action must needs let daylight in, if there be obscurity anywhere. She could never pardon Fred, and it was very puzzling that they should wish her to do so when papa would not receive him.

"Fred?" cried Clement. "Fred?" and went off in a roar. Then he explained it all.

Marian opened her eyes

"I think," laughed Clement, gleefully. "I think they have forgotten how time flies! Shall we carry our own congratulations?"

Noiselessly chuckling, they stole upstairs, and opened the door of the boudoir suddenly. Marian sprang from her lover's arms with a

"I can undertake to assure yon, Lieutenant Mathers, V. C.," laughed the general, "that your leave will be extended six weeks on proper application. Do you think you can be ready, darling?"

ready, darling I"

Not till many months afterwards did Marian
begin to declare, with very mild indignation,
that she was the victim of a cruel shame.

CONCLUSION OF SERIES.

Asieep or Awake.

I am the defendant in this case, if it is needful for me to make defence, and it is my wife, Cecilia Blandford, born Dunlap, who is the plaintiff asking for a divorce a mensa et thoro. So far as her general plea is concerned, I have no desire to traverse it, nor am I upon the defensive in any such sense; but as her said pleaseems to reflect upon my mental equilibrium, I make this general answer, not in rebuttal, but in explanation,—explanation, that is, so far as a statement of facts goes, for I have no theory to advance, and wish to disclaim all idea of such a thing. I am forty-nine years of age. My name is Mauricius Blandford, of the old English Blandford family, a cadet branch of which settled in Kent County, Maryland, immediately after the war of the Revolution, in which he was a soldier, serving during several campaigns under Colonels Williams and Gist. He bought a farm in the valley of Pipe Creek in 1795, and on this farm I was born, the third of five children, on the twentleth of January, 1847. I was educated at the academy in Fredericktown, when I was sent to St. John's College at Annapolie, and apent two years under the scholarly tuition of Dr. Hector Humphreys. From St. John's College, without waiting to secure my diploma, I proceeded to Boston and studied medicine there. My father's means were limited and it was understood that, after I graduated in medicine, he was to furnish me with funds enough to enable me to take a clinical course of a year's duration at Paris; and then I was to shift for myself the best way I could.

One of my clasamates was Henry Blahop, whose father was senior partner of the old established spice and tea importing house of Bishop, Froissac & Co., Boston, Paris, Canton and Madras. When I sailed for Paris the elder Blahop gave me letters to Froissac, who lived in great elegance in a villa near Saint Dennis, Froissac eceived me cordiality, and laughed at the idea of my trying the practice of medicine without a "connection." He offered me, instead, a clerkship i Asleep or Awake.

and control the "tasters," and almost unconsciously I became, not indeed the house's regular "taster," but their judge of qualities regular "taster," but their judge of qualities in regular "taster," but their judge of qualities in the made necessary during a number of years thus made necessary during a number of years the made necessary during a number of years and made necessary during a number of years and it is not into the physicians recommended me to stop. In my cannot forever and return home, I was stricken down with a remittent fever that proved nearly fatal. When this had been finally broken it was succeeded by a low nervous condition, semi-febrile, which lasted several months being the semi-febrile, which lasted several months of Carlsbad, where I seemingly recovered. In Boston, during my business interval there, I met Mies Cecilia Duniap, and married her never had any reason to regret thin and never had any reason to regret thin made a woman of integrity, character and amisbility, and I feel considerable chagrin at failing to give her the happiness and contentment with which she inspired me.

After our marriage furnished a handsome and brrught my wife there to live. We were just beginning to be acquainted with each other and cur neighbors, when I again fell into the low, nervous fever I have described, and from that into a state of stupor that lasted many wife nursed me assiduously and tenderly. Gradually I re urmed to consciousness, and even to perfect health again, with a better liver and a stomach and a clearer head than I had known before for a number of years. The deep of the consciousness, and even to perfect health again, with a better of the long-continued wear and tear of business cares and a hostile climate in the most vivid and remarkable way, and it seemed to mever some that went to be dean of the consciousness, and even to represent the wind and the consciousness, and even to represent the wind and the consciousness, and even to represent the significant of the consciousness of the town

empire of my thoughts must have been rather closely and continuously waged between sleep and waking for some time, during which I was dimly conscious of a confusion and perplexity clouding my mind, but all this was probably apparent to myself alone, and did not affect my external conduct.

clouding my mind, but all this was probably apparent to mean the constitution of the contest action of the contest as the cont

can only feel sure that this has been my considition for several years, at least five of them, during which I have never alops at all, nor a construction of the const

seat in the choir of the Lutheran church, and mein Gott! the people whom I hire and the politicians who want me to vote for them, they call me Mister Buttersmith! But Trudschen and all old friends say Conrad, and the children call me daddy. call me Mister Buttersmith! But Trudschen and all old friends say Conrad, and the children call me daddy.

This is how I live: twice a week to market, with my wagon loaded; butter, eggs, vegetables, iruit, everything in season. Up and off on the turnpike road at three o'clock in the mornings at my stall at five, sold out and jogging home again by eleven, with plenty of money in my pocket—it is auch an easy life. The rest of the week, my garden, my orchard, my meadow, my cowyard—oh, I find plenty of work there, I assure you. But rest, too, and enjoyment. Listen: On Sunday afternoons. I and mine dressed up, in comes Spielman with his wife and ladies, and Kummer and the daughter, and old Kraft with the game leg. If it is winter, we sit by the fire, a room full; if summer, in the garden on the benches under the grape arbor, and talk all at once, and sing those sweet dear Lutheran hymns we used to learn at home. Or else we go to Spielman's, or the others; but always talk and sing, and there is always a krg of fresh beer to tap, and merry clinking of mu.chkins.

And two or three times in a month we give ourselves Saturday afternoon also, and have more beer, more fun, teaching the children to dance, and dancing ourselves to show them haw, for old Kraft plays the fiddle like a bandmaster and Kummer's is a Zauberliote truly, and we have such merry, laughing times.

It was this whole-souled, irrepressible, hearty laughter of Conrad Schmidt, the Buttersmith, which first led to the domestic troubles of Mauricius Blandford, and, as I have told you, made this explanatory statement necessary. By some unaccountable and most deplorable accident the hearty laughter of Conrad Buttersmith rippied over into the suddued, sedate life of Mauricius Blandford.

Cecilia turned the frills of her night cap toward me and nudged me with her elbow.

"Wake up! wake up!" she cried; "you are laughing horribly in your sleep!"

Horribly! when old Kraft was making me hold my sides at his droll story of the lost peddler who came to his house one mid

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Of course you were asleep!"

To this, of course, there was no reply to be made; for I did not want to confess even to the wife of my bosom that I never slept; but that confession I was forced to make before long, and meantime, was conscious that Cecilia watched me with curiosity, perhaps with apprehension.

that confession I was forced to make before long, and meantime, was conscious that Cecilia watched me with curiosity, perhaps with apprehension.

One afternoon as I returned from market rather later than usual, Trudschen met me at the gate with a very grave face. "Come in," she said; "come in at once; the doctor is here; our little Walther is very sick."

Little Walther, with his beautiful rosy face and bright blue eyes—my best, my dearest child! I hurried in; the doctor was working with the distressed little boy; already he did not know me, the fever was so high, and the harsh, dreadful sibilation of his croupy cough was terrible to hear. I took the child in my arms—I held him—but our efforts were fruitless. He struggled—he gasped—he died in my arms, my little pet infant, my youngest darling, my Walther! How could I repress a groan, a cry of agony in sympathy with the life pressed out?

"What is the matter with you? Are you in pain? Why do you groan? Good heavens! you are weeping!" cried Cecilia, turning toward me, after lighting a taper.

I sighed, but said nothing. That life was so much richer than this. I merely told her that I was in no pain, and refused her sympathies. For the moment Buttersmith overpowered Blandford, even in his own world; and in that supreme hour of grief it was essential to be loyal to poor Trudschen, lying prostrate by our child's yet unstretched corpse.

From that moment I knew that Cecilia watched me incessantly, and I speedily discovered that she had found out my secret and was aware that I never slept. I thought it proper to make her a general statement of my condition without, of course, taking her into confidence as to the substance of my dreams. I even, without waiting for her to suggest it, proposed to consult a physician, and offered to put myself under the influence of anodynes, though feeling no need whatsoever for sleep. But I could see that the shock of what she had fifted from my house early one morning, leaving a note saying that she could not stand it any longer; that

awful nightmares, was perpetually waking in a fright, etc., and ended by proposing a peaceful separation.

I did not wish to torture my wife; I never intended to cause her unhappiness; but I cannot approve of the way in which she left me. There need not have been any esclandre. We might have remained man and wife in appearance, without passing one night near each other, and I thought she ought to return to me for the sake of our good name and our standing in society. This she refused to do; she said the horror of renewing that association would kill her. I insisted, and her response has been this bill of complaint and petition for permanent separation, upon grounds to which my own self-respect compels me to take exception. I am entirely compos mentis, all her allegations to the contrary notwithstanding. For the rest, if the Court pleases to reject her petition and receive this my reply in lieu, as a true statement of facts, I am perfectly willing to consent to a divorce a mensa et thoro, and will furnish a full statement of the condition of my property and the income from it, in order that the Court may determine what will be an equitable alimony.— Edmund Spencer.

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Colonel Culpepper—Old age?
The Waiter—No, sah. Ole bourb'n.

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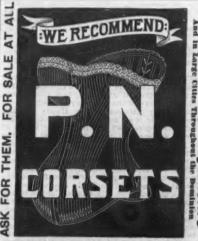
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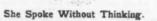


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GAS. ELECTRIC & COMBINATION BENNETT & WRIGHT 72 QUEEN ST. EAST





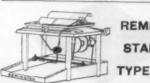
This One—Do you know, Miss Honeydew—er—Dolly—you are the first girl I have ever kissed! Dolly (incredulously)—Oh, that's just what they all say!

#### WALKING SHOES FOR SPRING TRADE

There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Wariety, Style, Burability. H. & C. BLACHFORD 87 and 89 King

Pickles' Shoes for Children.

Pickles' Shoe Parlor, 328 Yonge Street



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The Leading Educational Institutions are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.

Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work.

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The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd \$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large and terms of repayment. Mo valuation fee charged. HON. FRANK SMITH, JAMES MASON, President

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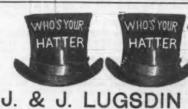
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Free Farms North-West Farmer What 100 Farmers Say Dairy Farming Mining and Ranching

Scotch Farmer's Success TO BE OBTAINED FREE BY WRITING OR CALLING ON

W. R. CALLAWAY 18 King Street West.



THE LEADING Hatters and Furriers 101 Yonge Street

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FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronte
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties.
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:-: NEW MUSIC :-: RIGHT HON.

Sir John A. Macdonald's FUNERAL MARCH By Chas. Bohner ..... Price 40c

VARSITY SCHOTTISCHE By S. D. Schultz.....Price 350 A very pretty and popular schottische We carry everything found in a first class music house, and all the most Popular Vocal and Instru MESTAL MUSIC carried in stock-

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 158 Yonge St., Toronto







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Social and Personal.

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STORES

IN TORONTO

Street

(Continued from Page Two.)

took Buffalo as their first stopping place. Congra'ulations and good wishes have been received by the happy couples from the four cor-ners of the earth, chiefly in the shape of elaborate and costly wedding gifts. Among those are a magnificent marble clock, several fish and carving sets, a set of silver dish covers, three beautiful and dainty five o'clock tea sets, silver dessert and vegetable dishes of every descripdessert and vegetable dishes of every description, innumerable spoons, knives, and forks, three silver sugar bowls, a quantity of handsome Doulton china; fancy work of every kind, in fact everything of which the mind of man or woman is capable of conceiving as a wedding present was there represented. Besides these a substantial number of cheques and a large amount of family plate and jewelry were presented to the brides by their relatives, and a pretty pair of carved bread trenchers and knives from Margaret and Kate Whitely, attached servants of the paternal residence. The list of presents and their donors would occupy an extra page of SATURDAY NIGHT to fully record. Perhaps the most original and dainty of all was a set of silken serviettes, each bearing an exquisite hand-painted view of some beauty spot in America, and some sparkling cut-glass dishes of American manufacture, but rivalling the far-famed specimens of France.

A quiet and elegant wedding took place yesterday at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, when Mr. B. Homer Dixon, Consul-General of the Netherlands, and Emilie Henrietta Maud, youngest daughter of the late George Caston of Caston, Norfolk, England, were united in marriage by Rev. T. C. Des Barres, rector of the church. The invited guests, with the relatives of the married parties were: Sir Thomas and Lady Galt and Mrs. Des Barres, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, the Misses Minnie, Katie, and Ida Dixon, Mr. H. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Robinson, Captain and Miss Caston and Mr. H. E. Caston. The bride was richly attired in navy blue costume and diamond ornaments, and looked stately and distinguished. The bride and groom left by the afternoon train for the White Mountains, and upon their return will take up their residence at Home-

Mrs. Philip Drayton has returned from her visit to the Old Country.

On Tuesday evening Mr. James Somers, eldest son of Mr. Frank Somers, was married to Miss Maggie Carr, daughter of Mr. Thomas Carr, J. P., of Avenue road. The ceremony took place in the Central Methodist church, Rev. W. D. Maxwell officiating. The brides maids were Miss Maggie Somers and Miss Jessie Campbell, and the groomsmen, Mesars. Harry Carr and Frank Somers, jr.

Mr. Martland, late of Upper Canada College, who has been visiting friends in Hamilton, left on Monday evening for Quebec to take the new Dominion line steamship Labrador for Liverpool. Mr. Martland expects to return to Canada early in November.

Mr. Godfrey Bird, who for some years past has been on the inspector's staff of the Bank of Toronto, has received the appointment of manager of that bank's branch at Gananoque, and leaves immediately to enter upon his new

Prof. F. Boscovitz has come to Toronto for the musical season, and is at the Arlington.

Miss Richards of Montreal, the conductress

of the cooking classes, is in the city. Mr. S. Wissler, lately on the staff of the

Bank of British North America, is visiting at 111 Rose avenue. Mr. Lafferty of Calgary, who has been visit-

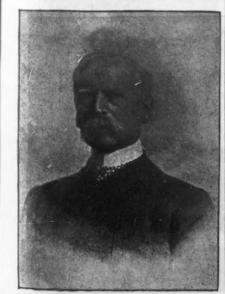
ing Toronto, has left for Winnipeg. In December he will return to Toronto.

The Fresh Air Fund are planning an excursion for one thousand poor children to the Exposition and will be glad of donations to provide them with a lunch during their visit.

Colonel and the Misses Milligan, of Dover-court road, have been enjoying a holiday in Muskoka.

Mr. W. Edgar and Madame Harriette Buck have returned from their summer tour, and are organizing their classes for music and French at 555 Church street.

Mr. W. A. Murray, one of Toronto's oldest tizens and leading business men, died on Monday last at a ripe old age. All classe of men and women in our city have been familiar with the well preserved and debonnaire old gentleman, who was



one of the brightest and most companion able of men. A successful and exceptionally judicious business man, a kind and generous friend and a useful citizen has gone to his rest, and left behind him universal respect and Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

The only event of any importance last week was a very jolly little party at the Anchorage, given in honor of the twelfth anniversary of Master Joe Syer's birthday. Dancing and games of every description were merrily indujed in until twelve o'clock, when the young host of the evening led the way into the long dining-room where a most sumptuous supper had been prepared. In the center of the table, which was arranged and decorated most artistically, towered a huge pyramid of exquisite flowers, beside which stood the twelve-tiered birthday cake surrounded by ices and delicacies of every description. Little tables with softly shaded lamps stood everywhere, at which, two and two, the merry little guests were seated in the most approved fashion. Among the little ones present were: Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Florence and Master Charlie Heward, Miss Mary Garrett, Master Walter Kingsmill, Master Gault and Miss Lazle Alma, while among the older ones who helped to amuse the children and who seemed to enjoy the games as thoroughly as the juvenlies were: Miss Winnie Kingsmill, Miss Madeleine Geale, Miss Alice and Miss. Edith Heward, and Miss Jessie Montgomery. The guests departed about one o'clock with the most cordially expressed wishes for the future of their charming young host.

Mrs. and the Misses Montgomery of Huron street, Toronto, were last week the guests of Mr. E. Syer.

Rev. F. M. and Mrs. Baldwin, who have been spending the summer in town, have returned to Aylmer.

Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Millsom are at Doyle's.

The Queen's Royal and Chautauqua hotels have closed.

Miss Shanklin is spending a few days with friends in town.

The "Tiffany's" of Canada.

The "Tiffany's" of Canada.

The old established jewelry firm of J. E. Ellis & Co., well known throughout Canada, have always shown the enterprise of a first-class business house, and their latest move is worthy of a firm with such a high reputation. They have recently purchased and fitted up the store in King street, adjoining their old stand on the corner, and in this they now occupy one of the best equipped jewelry establishments on the continent.

The new premises are fitted up in a style of elegant simplicity, and they embody all the latest improvements now in vogue for jewelry houses of the best standing. The fittings throughout are cherry and plate glass, and were made especially for greater convenience than the firm hitherto had in serving a largely increased number of patrons.

were made especially for greater convenience than the iirm hitherto had in serving a largely increased number of patrons.

The Mesers, Ellis have had a life's experience in this business, and it is the best points to be gathered from such an experience that are put into use. Their stocks of goods in the different lines are the most complete of any house in Canada, embracing fine watches, diamonds, sterling silverwear, French clocks, bronzes, etc., that can be purchased in the English, European and American markets, from which sources they have imported especially for their new premises, No. 3 King street East.

Everything in connection with this fine establishment is on the order of neatness. Although the goods are of so rich a quality, their display is made with that modesty and taste so becoming to a first-class house. The windows are decorated as no other windows are, and the artistic taste in the display therein would alone stamp the firm as a solid one.

The Mesers. Ellis extend a hearty invitation to the thousands of visitors to the Queen City during the two weeks of Exhibition, and whether or not they be purchasers the firm will be pleased to show them their wares.

A Young Canadian Merchant.

HOW MR. FRANK TAGGART HAS SPENT HIS FIRST QUARTER CENEURY.

How MR. FRANK TAGGART HAS SPENT HIS FIRST QUARTER CENEURY.

Mr. Frank S. Taggart, one of the most active and brainy of Toronto's citizens, who during his short business career—he is only 25—has made a reputation all over Canada as one of the shrewdest men in the jewelry trade, has resigned his position as director and general manager of the Charles Stark Company and opened out business for himself in the handsome warehouse, 38 King street west. He will deal in the same goods as are handled by the Stark Company. Mr. Taggart is a capital example of the best type of young Canadians. Born up near the shores of Huron, educated in the Toronto public schools, at the age of the fourteen he entered the service of Mr. Stark and within two years was acting as buyer in the New York and eastern markets. Two years later, while yet a lad of eighteen, he went to Europe as buyer for Mr. Stark, and the following year, while the C. P. R. was still uncompleted, he crossed the Rockles to the Pacific slope and established trade there. Returning he organized the Toronto Watch Case Co., making the first gold and silver watch cases turned out in the Dominion. That business he operated until the present year, when he sold it. Now he starts upon a more extensive one, and will deal in watches, clocks, dlamonds, silverware, guns, munitions of war and athletic aunilles.

### 112 YONGE STREET

### MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with Miss Duffy, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING in connection with MILLIN-ERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King Street Wes'-(up stairs)
Opposite Mail Office. MRS. A. BLACK, MOR

We are now prepared to show a full and complete assort

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goo

# -- THE BON MARCHE --

The Great Bankrupt-Stock Emporium

# A BANKRUPT STOCK OF LADIES AND GENT'S UNDERWEAR

Ladies Fine Scotch Lambs Wool, Cashmere and Merino Undervests and Drawers,
—Black Cashmere and Silk Hosiery—Best Quality of French Kid Gloves in all the
leading makes—Cashmere Gloves—Silk Lisse Embroidered Handkerchiefs—Irish Linen Handkerchiefs-Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs-Mourning Handkerchiefs-Shoulder Wraps and Shawls—and quantities of other goods for ladies' wear too numerous too mention here—Will be sold for one-half of the original value.

## FOR GENTLEMEN WA

Gent's Fine Scotch Lambs' Wool, Cashmere, and Merino Socks—Fine White Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts—Collars—Cuffs—Suspenders—Ties—Scarfs—Silk Umbrellas—Dressing Gowns—Smoking Jackets—Silk Handkerchiefs—Linen Irish Handkerchiefs—&c.—now selling here for about half price.

STRANGERS VISITING YOUR HOMES can easily make their RAILWAY EX-PENSES by shopping here during this cheap sale, as it is one of the very best BANKRUPT STOCKS we have handled for years.

# THE BON MARCHE 7 and 9 King St. East

CREME FOR THE COMPLEXION
CREME DE VENUS has no equal 16 readily removes skin blemishes

FRECKLES, TAN, BROWN SPOTS, Etc. Where the skin is injured through the use of poisonous preparations, Creme de Venus will restore it to a healthy condition. It is not a Cos-metic, but a solectific remedy.

DE

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?

TRY GERMAN HEADCAHE POWDER. Instant relief is guaranteed. This powder contains neither antipyrine nor any opiate. Its action is reliable and perfectly harmless. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THOSE STANDARD REMEDIES.

# PIANOS

HIRE MASON & RISCH'S

Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as

to prevent disappointment later on. Mason & Risch, 32 King Street West.

## FALL BULBS

Window Garden, Conservatory, Outdoor Garden



grown bulbs; if you admire flowering flowers of any kind

BULB

Catalogue

ard will do.

THE STEELE BROS. CO., Ltd. 130 and 132 King St. East, Toronto

DR. BILL The Great Laugh Provoker

SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES Will administer his new Laughter Cure for One Week **Grand Opera House** 

MONDAY, SEPT. 14

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chlcago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.



PATENT SECURED IN CANADA.

It is fixed on the lining under the drapery, and is worked from the outside much more easily with one hand than with two.

All that is necessary is to raise the drass behind, and at whatever place it is let go the aliding catch and the Supender automatically fixes itself and sustains the dress at any degired height from the ground; indeed, so simple is it in operation, that this can be done quite weil, even with an ulster en. No dress complets without it. To be had at

W. A. Murray & Co.'s and R. Walker & Sons PLETT A LOWNDES

The Automatic Dress Suspender Co. GUELPH, ONT.

#### DAVIS PROF.



Academy of Dancing 102 Wilton Ave. ESTABLISHED - 1859

Rances for Juveniles, Ladie I Gentlemen always form and in progress. 33rd Season New Open See circular.

His Double.

North—Is it true that you eloped with old Scrogge' daughter? Eastman—That is just what I should like to

know.
North—What do you mean?
Eastman—When I went to buy the railroad tickets, the agent wouldn't take a cent, and hauded me Scroggs' mileage book.

Do

You want

MANTLE

at

## McKENDRY'S?

You can get The best assortment The newest ideas The closest prices

Our showroom is brimful of novelties in childrens, maids and ladies' mantles. Nothing but the choicest goods kept in stock, but the prices are kept well down within the range of ordinary goods.

#### MILLINERY

Several new pattern Hats and Bonnets to hand, also hundreds of new ideas in Aigrettes feathers, trimmings, &c. We lead the trade in elegant millinery goods, that is conceded on all hands. Look out for our regular Fall opening.

# McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET 6 Doors North of Queen



THEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.



It was during their honeymoon that Angelo and Sophia were overtaken by a thunder -And was his little pet afraid of the Sophia—Oh, no, Angelo; by your side (kiss)
I am afraid of nothing!

The sale of pattern mantles at D. Grant & Co.'s, 206 and 208 Yonge street, begins on Mon day next. The designs are elegant and the value first-class.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S. Office-N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868 DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist

325 College Street G. L. BALL, DENTIST

Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84. 74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. DR. CAPON Tel. 3821 L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia M.D.S., New York.

REMOVES

Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles

PREPARED ONLY AT

## Bingham's Pharmacy

100 Yonge Street

#### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb Births.

BLIZARD-At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. W. Howard Blizard—a daughter. CLERK—At Montreal, on September 6, Mrs. Ronzo H. Cierk- a daughter.
MOYES-At Toronto, on September 1, Mrs. J. W. Moyes -a daughter. STONE-At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. Henry A tone—a son. SEYLER-O3 August 31, Mrs. Wm. H. Seyler—a son. DONALD—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. Richard

Donald—a son. BROUSE—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. W. H. Brouse—a son.
TINDALL—At Parry Sound, on August 26, Mrs. W. B. Tindall—a daughter.

BALL—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. E. Ball—a daughter.
THOMAS—At Torcato, on September 5, Mrs. Arnold W.
Tacmas—a daughter.
DEWDNEY—O3 September 3, Mrs. A. A. Dewdney—a

KERR-At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. Wm. Kerr-a daughter.
MOUAT-E:GGS—At Toronto Junction, on August 31,
Mrs. J. M. Mouat-Biggs—a son.
ATKINSON—At Richmond Hill, on September 3, Mrs.
Will D Atkinson—a son.
BERKINSHAW—At Toronto, on September 2, Mrs. R. J.

Berkiushaw-a son. HOWARTH-At Toronto, on September 2, Mrs. F. Howarth—a son.
REDDAN—At Toronto, on September 3, Mrs. Wm. J. Reddan—a son. WOODS—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. S. W. Woods— BELL-At Montreal, on September 1, Mrs. Andrew Bell

PEARSON—At Toronto, on August 27, Mrs. Alfred George Pearson—a daughter. BOURINOT—At Ottawa, on September 1, Mrs. John George Bourinot—a non. GAGE—At Toronto on August 29, Mrs. W. J. Gage—a

## Marriages.

BATTERSBY—PATTERSON—At Stratford, on September 1, Rev. W. H. Batternby to Edith Beatrice Patterson.
DIXON—CASTON—At Toronto, on September 8, Homer Dixon to Emilie Henricite Maud Caston.
FARTHING—KEMF—At Toronto, on September 8, Rev. J. C. Farthing to Elizabeth Mary Kemp.
MERCER ADAM—BROWN—At Clapham, on August 20, Graeme Mercer Adam to Frances isabel Brown.
POST—HUGGARD—At Toronto, on September 8, Albert A. Post to Maggie Huggard.

A. Post to Magrie Huggard.

WINANS—KEMP—At Toronto, on September 8, Frederick 8. Winans to Gertrude May Kemp.

JACKSON—SHEFPARD—At Toronto, on August 27,

James T. Jackson to Emma B Sheppard.

BENNETT—MCDONELL—At Exeter, on August 26,

EARNOETT—MCDONELL—At Exeter, on August 26,

FAINCHAUD—TRAYES—On September 8, J. Eudore

PAINCHAUD—TRAYES—On September 8, J. Eudore Painchaud to Agnes E. Traves. PHILIP-LIND JAY-At WI mipeg, on September 8, David

PHILIT-LIND JAX - At N 1 101pg, 100 pp.
Philip to Tillev Lindsay.
COLGAN-KERBY-At Hamilton, on September 1, Thos.
N. Colgan to Minnie E. Ketby.
COOK-LUKE-At Montreal, on August 25, J. Edwin
Cook to Elia M Luke.
PEARD-GRUBB-At New York, on August 12, James

FEARD—GRUBE—AN NEW YORK, ON AUGUST 12, James Peard to Caroline Grubb.
CHISHOLM—CAMERON—At Toronto, on September 1, Th. mas Alexander Chisholm to Lina Gwendeline Cameron.
WEENS—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on September 1, Charles Edgar Weeks to Clara A. M. Edwards.
ERYANT—GORMAN—At Chicago, on August 27, Niles Exvant to Jampia German.

BRYANT—GORMAN—At CHICAGY, No August Ervant to Jennis Gorman.
DE WDNEY—HOMSBERGER—At Banda, on September 2, Rev. A. D. Dewdney to Kathleen Honsberger.
SCOTT—MILLARD—At Newmarket, on September 2, C. 8 W. Scott to Lena Millard.
PERRY—MANDIBLE—At Chicagy, on August 24, W. A. Perry to Nellie Mandible.

STOPELLBEN—HARRIS—At Meaford, on September 2, Lincoln Stopeliben to Susie Harris.

#### Deaths.

ASHDOWN-At Toronto, on September 9, Ella Winifred, infant daughter of Sydney Ashdown. Funeral private. CHAPMAN-On September 6, Michael Chapman, aged 60 years, LUCK—At Nortain, on September 6, Mrs. Masy Luck, aged 76 years.

MUREAY—At Scarboro', on September 7, W. A. Murray. aged 77 years.

JELLETT—On August 27, Kathleen Agnes Jellett, aged 17 years. ROS3-At Welland, on September 5, Mrs. Emma Ro.s. Daniels-At T.ronto, Mrs. Mary Daniels, aged 48 DALTON-At Toronto, on August 26, William Ernest Dalton, aged 1 year.
WILSON—On September 2, John Wilson, aged 76 years.
MORRIS—At Toronto, on September 4, Thomas W.
Morris, aged 24 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on September 1, Mary Gertrude CLARR—AT TOTORIO, OR SEPTEMBER 2, Annie Elisa-Clark, aged 7 years EDWARDS—At Toronto, on September 2, Annie Elisa-beth Edwarda, aged 21 years. KEABLE—At Toronto, on September 1, James Keable, ged 80 years. KERR—At Toronto, on September 2, Herbert Roy Kerr, Aged 2 souths.

LAING— & Windsor, Alfred Laing, aged 80 years.

&CDONNELL— & Toronto, on September 1, Mrr. Ann

McD nnell, aged 60 years.

McMULLEN—At Toronto, on September 6, Mrs. Jane Mc.

KEOHOE-At Toronto, Mrs. Joehanna Keehoe, aged 77 rysdale, aged 23 years. GROVE—At Buffalo, on September 2, Joseph Grove, aged

O years.

JOHNSON—At Whitby, on September 2, Christopher obnson, ared 47 years.

MARROTT—At Toronto, on September 3, Nina Dorothy arriots, aged 3 years, MacGREGOR—At Toronto, Marion MacGregor, aged 16 McGREGOR-On Tuesday, September 1, A. McGregor, ged 59 years. REDDAN—On September 3, infant son of Wm. J. and Jo Reddan.

McCABE—At Toronto, on September 6, Peter Herbert
McCabe, aged 14 months.

CORNWALL—At Acton, on September 6, Rose Cornwall,

aged 62 years.
DAVIS—At London, on September 1, Wilfrid Davis, aged 23 years.
LYNN—At Mimico, on S-ptember 3, Mrs. Charles Lynn.
O KELLY—At Toronto, on September 1, Sister Catharine
O Kelly, aged 57 years.
KELZ—At Toronto, John Kels, aged 59 years.
STEWART—At Lorneville Junction, on September 5,
A. R. Stewart, aged 55 years.
CHAPMAN—On September 6, Michael Chapman, aged 69

You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north - west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West





## TIME IS MONEY

You can get the best value in Watches

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street This Young Man's Occupation is Gone



And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (so chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Sand for price lists. Furniture repaired.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Company Office and Works 44 Lombard Street

A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.



## **NEW SUITS** THE BOYS

Our full range of 2 and 3 piece suits is now in, and we can say with. out the least hesitation that for neatness and value we never showed anything like it before.

Parents should call.

115 to 121 King Street East

Toronto

W. RUTHERFORD . . Manager

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.

I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

> HENRY A. TAYLOR, DESIGNER.

## THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT

AND APPLIANCE CO.

Head Office . . Chicago, fil, Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of \$50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEFMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, exc, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her eex. It is nature's

or his many trouver products.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:
Rheumatian
Reuralgia Spermatorrhes
Dyspepsia Impotency
Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago General Deblity
Liver Complaint Kervous Complaints
Kidney Disease
Female Complainte

Female Complainte

The State of the Chees
Spinal Diseases
Spinal Diseases
Urinary Disease
General III-Health

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